SHAKESPEAR'S

JESTS,

OR THE

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LONDON:
Printed for J. ROSON, at No. 54. St. *Martin's le-Grand.*
[Price One Shilling.]

[1769]

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PREFACE.

A Book *ſans* preface, tho' ne'er read,
Is like a horſe without a head;
Or, like a king without a crown;
Or, like lord-mayor without his gown;
Or, like a judge without his wig
Et cetera---not worth a fig.
Or, like a peer without a tongue;
Or, like a harp, or lute, unſtrung;
Or, like the ſtage without a David,
Tho' he's a fool---as fools will have it.
Or like, in ſhort, whate'er you pleaſe,
Like all, or any one of theſe;
Not worth a thought, not worth regarding,
Not worth a groat, not worth a farthing.

Well---ſince a preface thou doſt crave,
A preface, reader, thou ſhalt have;
But 'tis no matter, I ſuppoſe,
Whether it be in verſe, or proſe.
It happens of the former of ſort,
Becauſe I'm in the humour for't:
And when a poet takes a fit,
Caus'd by redundency of wit,

He

He muſt evacuate, whether, or no,
'Tis to the ſubject *a propos.*
Or, like ſulphureous matter pent,
His brain would burſt, for lack of vent.
But, leſt the critic tribe ſhould ſay,
Like Bayes's prologue to his play,
Our preface might as well be took,
And ſtitch'd to any other book,
I now proceed with proper pains,
To tell you what this work contains;
And like an author, or his man,
In poem to diſplay my plan.

Know then, kind reader, that this volume,
Is like unto old Trajan's column
With Bulls and Tales, and funny Stories,
Luſcious Pranks and Allegories.
All within I atteſt as fact,
Then never mind the parſon's clack;
Read, you'll ne'er have cauſe to rue,
The ſtories are, as goſpel, true.

JESTS, &c.

A Wild young young nobleman being in company with Shakeſpear, deſired leave to toaſt the d——l: with all my heart, replies our wag, I have no objection to any of your lordſhip's *friends*.

A gentleman being choaked with a honey-comb, his friends began to bemoan him, Why make you ſuch lamentation? ſaid Shakeſpear, never man had a *ſweeter* death.

A country gentleman once telling Shakeſpear, he was ſurprized there was ſo many pick-pockets in London, ſeeing there was a *watch* at every corner: Pough, replies Shakeſpear, they are as glad of a *watch* as any elſe.

A lady of quality being at ſupper (the monday-night before Shrove-tueſday,) where Shakeſpear was preſent, it having ſtruck twelve o'clock: Well, ſays ſhe, it is now Shrove-tueſday; come, gentlemen, ſet up your *cocks, and I will knock them down.* True, replied our wag, there is none that diſputes your abilities.

Shakeſpear being at church, when a dry empty fellow preached moſt of his auditors out of the church, ſaid, he made a very *moving* ſermon.

Shakeſpear being with a ſet of merry companions, over a chearful bowl, when different toaſts were going round, a gentleman, whoſe name was *Brown*, toaſted an abſent lady, which he had often done for many years, tho' he never had the courage to ſpeak to her: our wag, who ſat next him, ſaid, I believe, Sir, you have toaſted that lady theſe ſeven years at leaſt, and it's ſurprizing ſhe is not *Brown* yet.

Shakeſpear being in company with ſome gentlemen and ladies, who were playing at compariſon; an agreeable young lady was likened to a repeater; ſhe appealed to Shakeſpear for the propriety of the reſemblance: Madam, ſays he, I find a very great difference; a repeater makes us *remember* the hours, but you make us *forget* them.

Shakeſpear having brought his friend down into his cellar, his friend obſerving there was no ſeat to ſit upon, aſked him the reaſon of it; becauſe, reply'd Shakeſpear, I will have no man that comes here drink *any longer than he can ſtand*.

Shakeſpear being told by a gentleman, that players were idle fellows; you are miſtaken, ſays

ſays our wag, for their whole life is *full of action*.

Shakeſpear went to a turner's ſhop to buy a *mat*; many were ſhewn him; but none pleaſed him. The turner thinking to play a trick upon him, called his wife and daughter, whoſe names were *Mat*; there, ſays the turner, are all the *mats* I have got: and there you may keep them, replied our wit, for I muſt have one that has not been *tread* upon.

Some ladies walking in the meadows, a few miles from London, they met a ſhepherd with a young kid in his arms, one of them ſtroked and admired it, and aſked the reaſon it had no horns; the ſhepherd, vexed at being detained, anſwered, becauſe *he is not married*.

Lord March endeavouring to perſuade one of his dependants to marry his caſt off miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe had been uſed a little; but if ſhe had a good huſband ſhe might turn. Aye, but my lord, anſwered the other, ſhe has been ſo *much uſed* that I am afraid ſhe is not *worth turning*.

In king George the ſecond's time, Lord N— married three wives, who were all his ſervants; a beggar woman meeting him one day in the ſtreet, made him a very low curtſey; ah! God almighty bleſs you, ſays ſhe, and ſend you a long life; if you do but live long enough I may be *Lady N——*.

A gentle-

A gentleman ſpeaking of Nancy Parſons, the famous courtezan, who had always abundance of fine cloaths, ſaid ſhe was like a ſquirrel; for ſhe covered her back with *her tail.*

A young lady, who being lately married, on ſeeing her huſband about to riſe pretty early in the morning, ſaid, what, my dear, are you getting up already? pray lie a little longer, and reſt yourſelf. No, my dear, I'll *get up* and *reſt* myſelf.

A gentleman bragging that he was promiſed the leaſe of the next houſe that *fell*, Sir, ſays Shakeſpear, had it been my caſe, I ſhould rather have deſired the leaſe of a houſe that *ſtood.*

Shakeſpear, one day condoling with an Iriſh gentleman, whoſe father had lately *died well*; ſays Paddy, it does not ſignify grieving, for it's what we muſt all come to, if we do but *live long enough.*

A young rake ſaying in public company, that he remembered every thing he lent, but nothing he borrowed; why then, Sir, ſaid Shakeſpear, it may be very juſtly ſaid, that *you have loſt half your memory.*

At a tavern-meeting Shakeſpear finding himſelf much intoxicated, ſlipped from the company, and reeled home to bed; next meeting one of the party, who reproached him with going

going away without taking leave of his companions; ſays he, indeed you ought to excuſe me, for if I did not take leave of the company, I ſtaid till I had entirely taken leave of myſelf.

Foote and Quin converſing on death, the latter told the former, that were they to die at the ſame time, he ſhould, according to the ſtrength of genius out-ſoar him, and get to heaven firſt: I am rather of opinion, ſays Foote, that I ſhould gain the aſcendant of you, for, by G—d, you are *too heavy to mount.*

One morning, the noted Monſ. De Vergy, the novel-writer, intended to breakfaſt with a bookſeller in Pater-noſter-row, one of his employers; and, to be certain whether they had breakfaſted before he arrived, he addreſſed the bookſeller's wife thus; *Me hopes, maam, you be extreme well, and hope ye have got your prick-faſt in your belly this morning.*

A miſerable old fellow having made a promiſe, bound it with ſaying, Upon my ſoul, my dear friend, I will not diſappoint you. The old hunks, however, was not ſo good as his word. Upon which the party aggrieved waited on him, and demanded the contents of his bureau. What do you mean to rob me? quoth Gripus. No, replied Shakeſpear; but you pawned your ſoul to me, and have not yet redeemed it; therefore *your ſoul, that is money, old boy, is mine by all the laws of logic.*

A gentleman having received ſome abuſe in paſſing through one of the inns of Chancery, from ſome of the impudent clerks, he was adviſed to complain to the principal; which he accordingly did; and coming before him, accoſted him in the following manner: *I have been very groſly abuſed here by ſome of the raſcals of this houſe; and underſtanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

One of the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play-houſe in Dublin, Monocca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and aſſurance, ſtriding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats: nay, Mr. Commiſſioner, ſaid ſhe, *you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly entered*

An old parſon was reprehending the gallants of the times, ſaying, Beloved, the apparel which men now wear, make them look aſſes in their ſhort breeches; and the ladies, forſooth, muſt have their gowns draggling half a yard upon the ground; a very unſeemly ſight. Now, to rectify this diſorder, you women ſhou'd *take up your coats*; and you men ſhou'd *let down your breeches*; that is, women muſt make their coats ſhort, and men their breeches longer.

At the Groſvenor trial in Weſtminſter-hall, a witneſs being produced that had an enamelled noſe, counſellor Dunning thinking to daunt him,

him, ſaid, Now you are ſworn, what can you ſay, with your copper noſe? The man replied, Why, by the oath I have ſworn I would not change my *copper noſe* for your *brazen face*.

The preſent biſhop of D——m has a ſlovenly cuſtom of keeping one of his hands always in his breeches; and being one day to bring in a bill into the houſe of lords, relating to a proviſion for clergymen's widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as uſual in his breeches; and beginning to ſpeak, I have ſomething in my hand, my lords, ſaid he, for the benefit of the widows of the clergy. Upon which the earl of Cheſterfield immediately interrupting him, ſaid, *In which hand, my lord?*

A Scotch member of parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great oppoſition between him and lord North, told his lordſhip that he had ſome very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the marquis. Be me troth, quoth he, what I have to tell you is very bawd on our ſeed. Prithee, ſays the marquis, don't keep me any longer in ſuſpence: what is it? Don't your lordſhip ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over? That's impoſſible, ſays the marquis; for a ſtauncher man does not live than honeſt Sawney. But, why do you think ſo? Why, and pleaſe your lordſhip, I ſaw

ſaw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I'm ſure Sawney *never brought that out of his own country.*

Two very honeſt gentlemen who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the ſtreet, one aſked the other, how he could afford to underſel him as did? when he ſtole the ſtuff, and made the brooms himſelf. Why, you ſilly dog, anſwered the other, *I ſteal my brooms ready made.*

A gentleman, nigh *a ſtand of coaches* crowded with with ſpectators, in Holborn, when the criminals were paſſing to Tyburn, obſerved to his friend, What a deal of buſineſs was at *a ſtand* to-day.

A great perſon once near loſing his place, but through interceſſion of his wife ſecured it, on which Shakeſpear ſaid, He had tumbled headlong to the devil, but luckily prevented it by ſaving himſelf *upon his horns.*

Alderman T——n——d one day ſeeing his footman with an old greaſy hat, and hanging ſlouching over his ſhoulders, Sirrah, ſays the alderman, who gave you that cuckold's hat? *Indeed,, Sir, ſays John, it was my miſtreſs gave it me, and told me it was one of yours.*

A gentleman riding through part of Wales, ſeeing ſome goats upon the mountains, and meet-

meeting with a Welchman at the ſame time, thinking to put a trick upon him, aſked him what countrymen they were? *Why truly hur thinks them to be Welchmen by their beards; but hur is ſure they be Engliſhmen by their horns.*

Lord T—m—ple aſked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, why the gooſe, if there was one, was always placed next to the parſon? Really, ſaid he, I can give no reaſon for it; but your queſtion is ſo odd, that I ſhall never ſee a gooſe for the future *without thinking of your lordſhip.*

An amorous young fellow, who deſigned a favour to his neighbour's wife, the chamber-maid came running in, and told him her maſter was at the door. 'Sdeath, ſaid the lover, can't I get out at the parlour window? No, no, replied the girl, there are ſome iron bars; but if you will run up three pair of ſtairs, *you may jump out of the garret window eaſy enough.*

The late duke of Y—ke aſking a young lady, one day, what it was o'clock; ſhe told him her watch *ſtood.* I don't wonder at that, madam, replied his highneſs, when it is ſo near *your what-do-you-call-it.*

A gentleman and his man riding into the country, they met a fellow aſtride upon a cow: the man calls out to his maſter, Oh! Sir, ſays he, yonder is a ſtrange ſight; *A fellow*

fellow is a horſeback upon a cow. That's a bull, ſaid the gentleman. Nay, Sir, ſaid the man, it is not a bull: I know it is a cow by its teats.

One aſked another why he wore his ſtockings the wrong ſide outwards; the other told him, *Becauſe there was a hole on the other ſide.*

A fellow that was notoriouſly known to have been in an inſurrection, was brought before juſtice ———. Sirrah, ſays the juſtice, you ſhall be hanged, if the law will do it; you are a notorious rogue: I remember you ever ſince the *laſt reſurrection.*

An Iriſh fellow vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he came firſt to England, he cut ſuch a figure that the bells were rung through every town he paſſed to London. Ah! ſays Shakeſpear, who happened to be in company, I ſuppoſe that was becauſe you came up in a waggon with a *bell team.*

A popiſh prieſt and Dr. Monro being diſcourſing together about their profeſſions, the prieſt told the doctor, the earth was very charitable to the faculty, for that it covered a multitude of their ſins. That may be, replied the doctor; *but hell won't be ſo charitable to the clergy in diſcovering a great many more of theirs.*

A gentle-

A gentleman meeting his godſon, aſked him whither he was going? To ſchool, replies the boy. That's well, ſaid he, there is ſix-pence for you; follow thy learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my funeral ſermon.*

A nobleman of Lord Chancellor C——r's acquaintance, having obſerved to his lordſhip, that as he had confeſſedly the beſt head in England, he was ſurprized that his children had not ſtronger marks of genius, was anſwered by his lordſhip, that there ſeemed to him nothing ſurpriſing in it, for that he did not beget them with his head.

The earl of Cheſterfield, who is, perhaps, the ſevereſt ſatyriſt in Europe, was lately waited upon by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and complimented on the report, that his lordſhip was a ſecond time promoted to the lieutenancy of Ireland. The earl, who, to the grief of his friends, as well as his own great misfortune, has almoſt entirely loſt his hearing, replied with a ſmile, that he knew not of any ſuch promotion; but did indeed think himſelf more fit for that employment now than formerly, becauſe *he could hear none of the people's complaints.*

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the laſt judgment, in the pope's chapel at Rome, had painted, among other figures in hell, that of cardinal Campegio (who had once done him ſome

ſome ill offices abroad) with ſuch a ſtriking likeneſs, that every body knew it at firſt ſight: upon which Campegio complained of the affront to his holineſs, and deſired it might be eraſed. The pope replied, it was out of his power to oblige him. Why ſo? ſaid Campegio. *Becauſe, ſaid his holineſs, we can only deliver out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

A ſcoffing gallant walking in the fields, overtook a milk-maid going a milking, bare legged, as in the country ſome uſed to go, and thus ſaluted her, Fair maid, how long have you wore thoſe ſtockings? Sir, anſwered ſhe, theſe ſtockings, and a pair of breeches of the ſame, I have worn theſe three and twenty years, and have but one hole in them, *which you may put your noſe in.*

The celebrated Miſs Ch—h complained to Lord Ch——d of the ill nature of the town, and amongſt other inſtances, ſaid, that occaſion had been taken, from a late illneſs of hers, to ſpread a report that ſhe had been brought to bed of two children. His lordſhip adviſed her to be eaſy under ſuch circumſtances; adding, that, for his part, he had long made it a rule not to believe *more than half what the town ſaid.*

Monſ. De Vergy, when in Scotland, hearing a woman calling out *Freſh Butter*, drew his ſword, thinking ſhe called him *French Bugar.*

A man unluckily falling from the top of a high houſe to the ground, happened to light upon a man who was ſitting juſt under that place, whom he killed, but was not hurt himſelf; upon which, the ſon of the deceaſed immediately proſecutes him as a murderer, but the maſon defended himſelf in this manner: friend, ſays he, if I have committed a crime, I am willing to do penance for it—do you yourſelf go up on the ſame place from whence I fell, and I will ſit upon the ſame ſpot your father did, then throw yourſelf down and kill me if you have a mind.

Shakeſpear told a friend of his, that man had nothing in this world but his poſſeſſions and his body, and that his poſſeſſions were torn to pieces by the lawyer, and his body by the phyſicians; for which reaſon, replies his friend, we find but few lawyers that have any ſuits, and few phyſicians that take phyſic.

A man that had *never been married*, earneſtly perſwaded the Warwickſhire wag to take a wife, proving to him, that marriage, ſo far from being derogatory to the character of a poet, was, on the contrary, both juſt and neceſſary. Give me, therefore, ſays Shakeſpear, *one of your daughters.*

A man whom they were whipping in the city of York, walked ſo very ſlow, that a certain inquiſitive perſon drawing near to him, ſaid, mend your pace poor man, the ſooner to

rid yourſelf of your ſhame and miſery; to whom the criminal replied, when you are whipped, pray go what pace you pleaſe, as for me, I ſhall walk as I think proper.

Shakeſpear being aſked what wine he would chiefly chuſe for his own drinking, anſwered, *that of other people's.*

A London rider going to Edinburgh, and perceiving it to grow late, aſked a porter whom he met in his way, if he thought he could get through the gate; the rider meant to aſk him, if he could get into the city before the gates were ſhut, but the porter taking it in a another ſenſe, and ſeeing him ſo very fat and thick, burſt out a laughing, and cry'd, why ſhould not you get through, ſince a cart loaded with hay can very well make its way in.

Lord T——ple, who is more wealthy than witty, being at court, the queen aſked him how his lady did? he anſwered her, that ſhe was with child. The queen continued to aſk him, when ſhe would be brought to bed? he replied, whenever your majeſty pleaſes.

A certain gentleman being very angry with one of his neighbours for ſome expreſſions which had been told him again, cryed out, the Devil take all the cuckolds, I wiſh they were in the Thames; upon which his wife anſwered,

ſwered, O dear huſband, how can you make ſuch a wiſh, when you know *you can't ſwim.*

A good old woman being at the Sardinian ambaſſador's chapel, took two wax tapers, and ſet one of them before the image of St. Michael, and the other, without thinking what ſhe did, before the devil, which ſtood at his feet; the prieſt taking notice of it, began to ſay to her, alas, good woman, what are you about? Don't you perceive that he you offer a candle to is the devil; to whom the woman replied, like a woman as ſhe was, no matter, my good ſir, 'tis good to have friends every where, in hell, as well as in heaven, for we don't know where we may go.

A certain man who was a great wit, ſhewed one of his ſonnets to another that was crooked, and was looked upon as a poet; but the ſilly fellow had no ſooner read it, when he began to deſpiſe it, ſaying, it was ill made. The wit did not forget to pay him in his kind, by ſaying to him, if 'tis not well made, 'tis like you.

A Scotchman was walking in depth of winter upon the new bridge at Paris, with only a thin white linen doublet on, with ſtockings of the ſame ſtuff, a little camblet cloak, and a ſword by his ſide; the king happened to paſs that way, and ſeeing this man in ſuch a dreſs at that time of the year, was curious to know the reaſon of it; upon which he commanded him

him to be called: He then aſked him if he was not cold? No, ſir, replies our Scot: how is it poſſible friend, replies the king, but you ſhould be ſo, in the thin dreſs you wear, when I who am better cloathed than you am yet ready to frize? Oh, replies Sawney, if your majeſty would but do as I do, you would never feel the leaſt cold; how's that, ſays the king, why, if your majeſty would but put on *all your* cloaths, as I put *all mine*, you would be warm enough. The king was ſo pleaſed with this ſecret, that he gave orders for his having a good winter ſuit.

A man confeſſing himſelf to a prieſt, among other ſins of which he owned himſelf guilty, ſaid, that he had beat his wife a few hours before; the father confeſſor aſking him the occaſion of it, he replied, that 'twas his uſual cuſtom, becauſe his memory was ſo very weak that he could not remember the ſins he had committed, but whenever he had drubbed his wife, ſhe reproached him with all the ill he had done in his life, and that thereby he was enabled with very little trouble to make a general confeſſion.

A countryman deſired a neighbour of his to lend him an aſs, who told him that he had lent it to another, and that he was very ſorry he had not aſked him before: he had not yet done ſpeaking when the aſs began to bray; oh, ho, ſays the peaſant, d'ye hear? your aſs ſays, that 'tis not true that you had lent him out;

out; you are indeed a very obliging perſon: How, ſays the countryman, would you ſooner give credit to my aſs than to myſelf?

Shakeſpear being aſked the reaſon why people of the firſt rank generally gave alms to the poor blind more than to thoſe of philoſophers, replied, there was a probability of their being *blind*, but never of their being *philoſophers*.

A young maiden got down from the window of the houſe, and ran away with her lover, and being often reprimanded by her miſtreſs, how ſhe, who was a virgin, could be ſo very bold; I muſt tell you, madam, ſays ſhe, that my love was ſo very hot and violent, that had I not got out by the window, we ſhould all have been burnt in the houſe.

A poor man that was aſking charity at a convent of nuns, the ſiſters gave him a very large porringer of broth, with only two or three peas in it: whereupon the beggar began to unlooſe his doublet, and deſired his comrade to help him to undreſs himſelf: his comrade aſking why he did ſo, he replied, I muſt be forced to ſwim in this porringer to find out the peas that are in it.

A huſbandman going to his maſter, told him the news of his wife's being brought to bed; and what has ſhe got, replies the maſter, a girl, I warrant you? better, ſir, replies the huſbandman: has ſhe a boy then, conti-

nues the maſter; better ſtill, replies the huſbandman, for ſhe's brought to bed of a dead female child.

Woodward the comedian meeting a friend one day, who ſeemingly was in a great hurry, aſked where he was going; I am going to Bury's lottery office in Holbourn, ſays he, to purchaſe a ticket: poh, poh, replied Woodward, what the devil, going to bury your money! Give it to Hazard, and you may hang yourſelf as ſoon as you pleaſe afterwards.

King George the ſecond uſed to ſay, that to make a married ſtate happy, it was neceſſary that the huſband be *deaf*, and the wife *blind*.

A buffoon beg'd his maſter to give him a very fine gown, telling him, he had dreamt that night, that he had made him a preſent of it; but the gentleman, who had more wit than his jeſter, replied, get you gone, I won't give it you, becauſe, 'tis not good to give credit to dreams.

A judge uſed to ſay, that it was fitting that all thieves ſhould be hanged; the young thief, becauſe otherwiſe he would practice the trade of robbing, and the old one, becauſe he had robbed enough.

Earl Verny going to croſs a river, and imagining it to be very deep, bid his ſervant go

go before him; but he, to ſhew his politeneſs, replied, I never will be guilty of ſo much ill manners, pray, my lord, do you croſs over firſt.

A certain bill of rights' man, being at an entertainment, who had ſquandered away all his Eſtate, one of the gueſts ſaid, the earth uſed to ſwallow up *men*, but this man has ſwallowed up the *earth*.

One reprimanded another, ſaying, that he talked like a fool; true, ſays he, but it is proper *you* ſhould underſtand me.

A young man being violently in love with a virtuous and beautiful girl, and meeting one day with an opportunity of ſpeaking to her, he aſked her, whether ſhe would content him? The prudent and witty young woman replied, yes, provided he would grant her one thing only: When being aſked, what that thing was? She replied, that which you have not, nor cannot have, and yet may give me. The lover deſired to know the meaning of that riddle; ſhe explained it to him as follows: As you are a young man, you neither have, nor can have, a huſband, and yet you may give me one by beſtowing yourſelf upon me, and then I ſhall have that I wiſh for.

A ſhopkeeper ſelling ſome goods to one who told, that he aſked too much for them, and that he ſhould not buy ſo dear of him as

of

of another, becauſe he was his friend, replied, ſir, we muſt gain ſomething by our friends, for our enemies will never come to the ſhop.

A man that loſt an eye having married a girl whom he ſuppoſed to be a virgin, was very much enraged not to find her ſo, and rebuked her in the ſevereſt terms; but ſhe anſwered, why would you have me perfect, when you yourſelf have loſt an eye; 'tis from my *enemies*, replies the huſband, that I have received that injury, and 'tis from my *friends*, ſays the girl, that I have received mine.

A great perſonage lately cenſured his brother very ſeverely for his irregular courſe of life, and particularly on account of unbridled paſſion for intrigue: you ſee, ſays he, what a ſum I have to pay for you; not ſenſible of the diſgrace you bring on your family, and how unworthy it is not to follow our better example. The young buck, with his uſual levity, turned round upon his heel, whiſtled, for he is fond of muſic, and then left the room, humming to himſelf, *my mother did ſo before me*.

A great perſonage going one day to viſit Sir Joſhua Reynolds, a very excellent painter, and obſerving, that his children was very ugly, could not forbear obſerving, that he who drew ſuch beautiful figures, ſhould get ſuch homely children: to whom Sir Joſhua pleaſantly replied, don't be ſurprized at that, Sir, becauſe

cauſe I make the figures in the *day-time*, and the children in the *night*.

A poor Frenchman, who was very hungry, went into a cook's ſhop in St. Giles's, and there ſtaid till his ſtomach was ſatisfied with the ſmell of the victuals; the cook falling into a paſſion, inſiſted on his paying him for a dinner, which the poor monſieur refuſed to do; and the diſpute growing high, it was agreed to refer the deciſion of it to the firſt man that paſſed that way, which happened to be a chimney-ſweep, but who, on hearing the caſe, very wiſely determined, that the beggar's money ſhould be ſhook between two empty diſhes, and the cook ſhould be ſatisfied with the *gingling* of it, as the poor man had been ſatisfied with the *ſmell* of the cook's meat.

As a French captain was repoſing himſelf in his tent, a ſoldier arrives, who was juſt come from Italy, and ſays, are you aſleep captain? why do you aſk that queſtion, ſays he? becauſe, ſays the ſoldier, I would borrow ten crowns of you, in order to recover what I have loſt at play; O then, ſays the captain, *I am faſt aſleep*.

As counſeller Meſſing was pleading before Lord Mansfield, he aſked his Lordſhip, whether the lawyer or the phyſician was to have the precedency in any judicial affair: ſays my lord, pray who goes the firſt, the criminal or the executioner? The criminal, replied the pleader: Then,

then, ſays his lordſhip, the lawyer may go firſt as the *thief*, and the phyſician follow after as the *executioner*.

A watchman met a perſon one evening who was going along in great perplexity, to whom he ſaid, what arms have you about you, he replied, a dagger, ſir, but ſearching him, he found that it was a bottle of wine, which he, drinking off, returned him the *bottle*, ſaying, here friend, I return you back the *ſheath* again.

As ſurgeon Fordyce, who was dreſſing a poor man, whoſe eye had been ſtruck with a ſtone, which had knocked it out, the patient aſked him, whether he ſhould loſe his eye? no, no, ſays Fordyce, *I have got it in my hand.*

A bad painter, who could never ſell any of his works, went into another country, and turned phyſician: one who knew him, paſſing that way, he aſked him, what made him go in the habit of a phyſician ſince he was a painter? he replied, I was deſirous of profeſſing an art where all the blunders I make may be *covered with earth.*

A gentleman ſeeing from his window doctor Rock, who was going along the ſtreet, he, in order to ridicule him as an ignorant fellow, ſaid to him, where are you going, Mr. Farrier?

rier? replied Rock, I am going to cure your worſhip.

A man who was blind of an eye, met, very early one morning, a crook back'd man, to whom he ſaid, friend you are loaded betimes: the crook back'd man replied, it muſt indeed be betimes ſince you have got but one of your *windows open.*

A citizen of London, being on a viſit to a friend of his, one of the profeſſors at Oxford, getting up one morning, found that the mice had gnawed his ſhoes in the night time, which appearing to him a kind of prodigy, and taking it for an ill omen, he went immediately in great confuſſion to the profeſſor, aſking him with great emotion, what might be inferred from ſo new and wonderful an accident? when the profeſſor laughing, replied, 'tis no wonder, my friend, that the mice have gnawed your ſhoes, but it would have been really very ſurpriſing had *your ſhoes gnawed the mice.*

The celebrated ſinger, Mr. Beard, being at a gentleman's ſeat in the country on a viſit, where, at an inn adjacent there was held a jovial meeting weekly of gentleman farmers and mechanics of the place; on the night appointed, the gentleman takes in diſguiſe Mr. Beard with him, in order to hear a famous blackſmith perform, who had long bore the bell for the beſt pipe in the country, who unluckily

luckily was abſent that night: the gentleman, in order to have his place in a meaſure well ſupplied, begs our Beard to tune his pipes; which he doing with his uſual great humour, ſo rouſed and animated an honeſt hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his ſeat, comes round to Beard in the greateſt rapture and ſays, give me your hand mon, egad you ſing moſt as well as our *blackſmith*.

As juſtice Cox was bemoaning himſelf to another who was a farmer, for the great ſcarcity of corn, ſaying, he believed, that if it did not rain, all the beaſts would die: he replied to him, *heavens preſerve your worſhip*!

A citizen of London treating about a marriage with a young woman in the country, at laſt refuſed her, ſaying, that ſhe was as yet too green: upon which her father riſing up in a paſſion, cry'd out, ſhe is riper than you imagine, for ſhe has already had *three children* by our prieſt's clerk.

Lady G——r, who was ſubject to melancholy, aſking her phyſician, Dr. Hunter's, opinion, whether frogs, which ſhe had often uſed to eat, were of a melancholy quality? no, madam, ſays the Doctor, becauſe, wherever they inhabit, they are heard to *ſing at all hours*.

The noted Drs. Rock and Franks on a time being very angry with each other, Rock ſaying,

ing to him, hold your tongue, you ſcoundrel, don't I know, that your father was a brick-layer: Franks immediately replied, no one could have told you that but your own father, who carried the ſtone and the lime to mine.

A pariotic gentleman ſtanding at the window of his houſe with his wife, whom he had married a few days before, and ſeeing a beautiful young woman paſs along, he ſaid to his wife, my dear ſoul, I'll make you laugh, you muſt know that *I had to do ſeveral times* with that girl there before ſhe married, but ſhe was ſo ſilly as to go and tell her mother of it; his wife replied, oh the ſilly brainleſs wretch, *I in like manner have had to do an hundred times* with our coachman and footman, and never ſaid a word of it to my mother.

Signior Andre Donia, admiral of the French fleet when Rome was ſack'd by the Spaniards, met, among other things, with a bark which was laden with ſeveral things of value, and and alſo ſeveral Spaniards on board, whom he cauſed to be ſued up in a ſail, together with a baſket of biſket; going afterwards to have them thrown in the ſea, one, who perhaps imagined that he ſhould be excepted, cried out in Spaniſh, body of me, what a *little quantity of victuals* is here to ſo great a *quantity of drink*.

As the celebrated Mrs. Cornely was going one Sunday to maſs, met an upſtart peaſant at

the church-door, who was for aping a gentleman, when ſhe, in order to ridicule him, aſked him, if the maſs for the *peaſants* was ended; he immediately replied, madam, it is ended, and that of the *ſtrumpets* is juſt beginning, make haſte in, and *you'll be time enough with the reſt.*

A poor ſcholar aſking alms of an artificer, by ſaying, that he was maſter of the ſeven ſciences; was anſwered, I am more learned than you are, becauſe I, with *one art*, am able to ſupport myſelf, my wife and children, whereas you with all your *ſeven* are not able to maintain yourſelf.

One evening, a company where Shakeſpear was preſent diſcourſing about the damage Rome had received by the overflowing of the Tyber, he replied, by way of joke, the Romans ought to pray to God that the Tyber might be always *ſick*, for he never *leaves his bed* without doing very great damage.

L——d Ch———m making one of a party at whiſt, one of the gameſters, with a bitter oath declared, he had the *worſt hand* in the company, a conſiderable bet was propoſed, and agreed to by his Lordſhip, that he *had a worſe*; he pulled off his glove, and ſhewed his *gouty hand*, when the company unanimouſly pronounced it in his Lordſhip's favour.

A gentleman reading the anecdote which lately appeared relative to the late Mr. Whitefield's uſing the phraſe, that he was beating up for volunteers for the Lord, obſerved, that having raiſed as many recruits as he could, he is now gone to *join his regiment.*

Shakeſpear being one day at dinner at a country inn with ſome gentleman travellers, obſerved one of them, in particular, take great precaution to convey a ſilver ſpoon into his pocket unperceived from any of the reſt; our wag, in order to clear himſelf and the reſt of the gueſts from the imputation of theft, takes his ſpoon, and ties it to the breaſt button of his coat, which the landlord perceiving, aſked, what he was going to do with it, why, replies Shakeſpear, I thought it was the cuſtom of this houſe for all gueſts to carry away their ſpoons which way they thought proper, I prefer this way, but for that gentleman, pointing to him that ſtole one, he likes to put his in his *pocket.*

A gentlewoman who thought her ſervants always cheated when they went to Billingſgate to buy fiſh, was reſolved to go thither herſelf, and aſking the price of ſome fiſh, which ſhe thought too dear, ſhe bid the fiſhwoman about half what ſhe aſked; Lord, madam, ſaid the woman, I muſt have ſtole it to ſell it at that price, but you ſhall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your hands ſo white; nothing, good woman, anſwered

ſwered the lady, but wear *dog-ſkin gloves*; d——n you for a lying b—h, replied the other, my huſband has wore *dog-ſkin breeches* theſe ten years, and his a—ſe is as brown as a nutmeg.

A gentleman happening to make water againſt a houſe, did not ſee two young ladies looking out of a window cloſe bye, till he heard them giggling, when looking towards them, he aſked, what made them ſo merry? O Lord, ſaid one of them, *a very little thing* will make us laugh.

A modeſt gentlewoman being compelled by her mother to accuſe her huſband of inſufficiency, and being in the court, humbly deſired of the judge, that ſhe might write her mind, and not be obliged to ſpeak it; for modeſty's ſake the judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink, and paper; whereupon ſhe took the pen, without dipping it into the ink, and made as if ſhe would write; ſays the clerk to her, madam, there's *no ink in your pen*; truly, ſir, ſays ſhe, that's juſt *my caſe*, and therefore I need not explain any farther.

An Engliſhman was very angry with a Scotchman, who he ſaid had abuſed him, and called him *baſe-born*, faith, ſir, you are quite miſtaken, quoth Sawney, for I ſaid you was *a true born Engliſhmrn*.

A gen-

A gentleman ſaid of a young wench who conſtantly plied about the temple, that if ſhe had as much *law in her head* as ſhe had in *her tail*, ſhe would be one of the moſt able council in England.

A young gentlewoman lately arrived from Barbadoes, came to Leadenhall market to buy a ſcragg of mutton for broth, for which the butcher aſked nine-pence, that's too much, ſaid ſhe, cut it off, ſir, and I'll give you a *bit* * for it; d——n your bit, madam, I want none of your bits, replied the butcher, I've a much *better bit than you at home.*

Two gentleman having words in a tavern, at length fell to fighting with their canes; a ſtander-by obſerving one of them to ſtrike his antagoniſt over the head, while the other only belaboured the ſides and ſhoulders; after the fray was over, aſked the latter why he did not ſtrike upon the head alſo; oh, ſir, ſaid he, if I had hit him over the *head*, I ſhould have *broke my cane.*

A gentleman came to a widow's, and ſhe preſented him with a cup of ſmall beer; ſo coming a week afterwards, ſalutes him with another cup of the ſame beer, ſaying, ſir, I dare not commend the beer to you, for indeed it is *dead*, to which he replied, that may very

* A bit in Barbadoes is a piece of money valued at 7 d.

well be, for it was very *weak* when I was here laſt.

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of phyſic, and to enjoy him, feigned herſelf ſick; the doctor being ſent for in all haſte, went up and ſtaid with her an hour; when he came down, her huſband aſked him how ſhe did? O, ſays he, ſhe has had *two ſuch extreme fits*, that if you had but ſeen one of them it would have *made your heart ake*.

One Mr. *Mann*, maſter of the ſhip called the *Moon*, uſed to be very familiar with a gentlewoman, and her huſband taxed her with another gentleman; ſhe ſwore ſhe knew him no more than ſhe did the *man in the Moon*.

A ſcholar blowing his fire, the noſe of his bellows dropt off, ſays he, I ſee its cold weather, for the *noſe* of the bellows *drops*.

King Charles the ſecond and the Duke of Ormond diſcourſing of the prettieſt women of ſeveral countries, ſays the King to the Duke, my Lord, you have very pretty women in Ireland, but they have great legs; O, that's nothing, pleaſe you my leige, *lay them aſide*, ſearch for *other beauties*.

A young lady, of pretty high ſpirits, who was juſt about entering into the marriage ſtate, told her gallant, that ſhe could never bring herſelf to ſay *obey*, and was reſolved

ſhe

ſhe would not; when the ceremony was performing, and ſhe was to repeat that word, ſhe was for mincing the matter, and cried, honour and *bey*; nay, madam, ſaid the parſon, you muſt ſay *obey*, I cannot ſay you are married if you do not ſpeak the words as the office directs; but ſtill ſhe would only ſay as ſhe had done; and the parſon again reproving her, let her alone, doctor, ſaid her huſband, let her only ſay *bey* if ſhe has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry *O* at night.

Zelim, the firſt of the Ottoman emperors that ſhaved his beard, his predeceſſors having always worn it long, being aſked by one of his baſhaws, why he altered the cuſtom of his predeceſſors? anſwered, becauſe you baſhaws ſhall not *lead me by the beard* as you did them.

Sir Robert Sutton being with the late king of Pruſſia at a review of his tall grenadiers, his majeſty aſked him, if he could ſay an equal number of Engliſhmen could beat them? No, Sire, anſwered Sir Robert, I won't pretend to ſay that, but I believe *half* the number would try.

A dutcheſs, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high poſt, where he had the opportunity of fingering a great deal of caſh, had married his late miſtreſs, good Lord, ſaid ſhe, that fellow is always *robbing the public*.

One

One ſaid to his friend, I hear your wife is *quick* already; yes, ſays he, a pox on her, ſhe is very nimble, I have had her but a month, and ſhe is *ready to lie down.*

One aſked another what ſuch a one was, he told him a proctor of the court, and doth *ſome buſineſs* of my wife's; how, ſays the other, he does no buſineſs of thy wife's, but does they *buſineſs upon thy wife.*

One parting a fray was cut into the ſkull; Sir, ſaid the ſurgeon, one may *ſee your brains*; nay, then I'll be hanged, ſaid he, if I *had had any brains* I never would have come here.

A young lady, with a good fortune, beſtowed herſelf on a wild young fellow; well, ſays the old lady, her aunt, for all you were ſo eager to have him, you will have your *belly full of him* in a little time, I'll warrant you.

A perſon having two very ungracious ſons, the one robbed him of his money, and the other of his goods, his neighbours coming to condole with him, told him, he might ſue the county, for he had been robbed *between ſon and ſon.*

A fellow hearing one ſay, according to the Italian proverb, that three women *make a market* with their chatting, nay then, ſaid he, add my wife to them, and then they will *make a fair.*

A knaviſh

A knaviſh attorney aſking a very worthy gentleman what was *honeſty*, replied, what is that to you, meddle with thoſe *things that concern you*.

A gentleman remarking to his friend the chearfulneſs of ſome convicts for tranſportation as they were going to be put on board, ſaid, he thought they ſeemed to be very happy; one of them over-hearing him, replied, aye, aye, maſter, you ſee we are here *happy enough*, but if you was to go along with us, you would be quite *tranſported*.

A certain nobleman, when Mrs Rogers the actreſs was young and handſome, uſed to dangle after her, and one night being behind the ſcenes, ſtanding with his arms folded in the poſture of a deſponding lover, aſked her, with a ſigh, what was a *cure for love*, *your lordſhip*, ſaid ſhe, is the *beſt* in the world.

As a gentleman was remarking, in company, of the Scotch in general being excellent ſoldiers, one of the company replied, I am not in the leaſt ſurpriſed at it, for as ſoon as they are born they *handle their arms*. *

A young woman came to a lady to be hired, and the lady told her, ſhe was no maid, yes indeed, madam, ſays ſhe, but I am; how can that

* Meaning the Itch.

that be, replied the lady, when, to my knowledge, you have had a child, well madam, ſays ſhe, it was but a *very little one*, and do you make ſuch a matter of that.

A cobler's wife ſpeaking of a ſtreet wherein ſhe had lived before her apprentice, he grumbling ſaid, there was none but whores and bawds lived there; what's that you ſaid, ſirrah, ſaid ſhe; I ſaid, ſays he, there is *honeſter women than yourſelf* lives there.

A fellow blaming his ſweetheart, telling her ſhe was falſe to him, ſhe, to clear herſelf, uſed many imprecations, bidding him if it were ſo, to mark *her end*; nay, for that, ſaid he, I ſhall not ſo much mark your end as I ſhall *your middle*.

Two widows ſitting by the fire were chattering about their dead huſbands, and one ſaid, let us have a candle, for my poor huſband loved light, God ſend him light everlaſting; and ſaid the other, my huſband loved fire, I wiſh him fire everlaſting.

A fellow having his breeches torn between his legs, that ſomething hung out, which being eſpied by a young laſs, ſhe asked him, what it was; he told her it was his purſe, your purſe, ſays ſhe, if that be your purſe, then I am ſure *my purſe is cut*.

A gentle-

A gentleman galloping furiouſly over ploughed land towards Tame, meeting one, aſked him, is this the way to *Tame*; yes, by G—d, if your horſe is as *wild* as the devil.

Socrates was asked why he endured his wife's brawling, ſays he, why do you ſuffer your geeſe to cackle? becauſe they lay us eggs, ſaid the perſon; well, ſays he, and my wife brings me children.

Another time his wife was brawling, upon which he walked out of doors, when ſhe threw ſome water on him; I thought, ſays he, after thunder we ſhould have a ſhower of rain.

King Charles the ſecond coming from Newmarket through Shoreditch to London, obſerving a wall or bank lately made there of *ſtones*, as is common in that road, bid Rocheſter, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it, aye, Sire, ſaid he, the citizens ſeem to have been laying *their heads* together to mend the way againſt your majeſty came paſt.

Married women, ſays Shakeſpear, uſually ſhew all their *modeſty the firſt day*, as married men ſhew all their *love the firſt night*.

A lady ſeeing a gentleman dance, found fault with him, and ſaid, he ſtraddled too much,

much; oh, madam, replied the gallant, if you had *that between your legs that I have*, you'd ſtraddle a great deal more, I dare ſay.

A young woman being on Tower-hill to ſee the fire-works on his majeſty's birth-day, was complaining of her ſhortneſs, a young man offered her a ſtand on his ſhoulders, then, ſays ſhe, you cannot ſee the *fire-works*; true, ſaid he, but I ſhall ſee the *water-works*.

A good houſe-wife, who was a notable woman at turning and winding her old rags, was recommending her *dyer* to another as an excellent fellow in his way; that's impoſſible, ſaid the other, for I hear he is a great drunkard, and beats his wife and runs in every body's debt; what then, ſaid the firſt, he may never be the *worſe dyer* for all theſe things; no, anſwered the other, can you imagine ſo *bad a liver can die well*.

A wench ſwearing a baſtard child to a gentleman in the country, the juſtice having a reſpect for the gentleman's lady, took upon him to joke the gentleman, and asked him, why he could defile his marriage bed? There was no *bed in the caſe*, anſwered the gentleman, good Mr. Juſtice, for *it was done in a field*.

A certain lieutenant of a man of war under the command of the late Lord Torrington, having

having in the engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his arms ſhot off within a few inches of his ſhoulder, while the ſurgeon was dreſſing it could not forbear laughing; one ſtanding by, asked him the reaſon; why, ſaid he, I cannot help thinking of a wiſh I have often made, that a *certain part* about me was as long as *my arm*, and I believe it is three or four inches longer.

A wench coming to confeſſion, confeſſed abundance of ſins, but the chief was lying with men, well, ſays the Fryar, *whoredom is a thing does much diſpleaſe God*; *I am ſorry for that*, ſaid ſhe, *for I am ſure it pleaſed me.*

A woman of the town being carried before Juſtice ——, was going to be committed to Bridewell, but ſtepping up to him, whiſpered in his ear, your worſhip was kinder to me at the Devil Tavern the other night; hum, ſays he, *was that your father? For his ſake I'll forgive you this time, but pray take care for the future*, and ſo diſmiſſed her.

Doctor Becket having been out a ſhooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his ſervant begged leave to go over to the next field, for he was ſure there were ſome birds there, and, adds the man, "If there are, I'll *doctor* them;" *doctor* them, ſays the maſter, what do you mean by that? Why, *kill* them, ſir.

Lucy Cowper being an evidence at a court of juſtice, and very ſeverely croſs-examined by Mr. Wedderburne, the counſel for the oppoſite party, was, for a ſhort time, at a ſtand to reply to a very uncommon queſtion, but recovering herſelf, ſhe ſet the court in a titter by ſaying, *What has been my ruin, ſir, has been your making, I mean impudence, ſir.*

A gentleman told Betty Careleſs, upon ſhewing her legs, that they were very handſome, and ſo much alike, that they muſt needs be *twins*: But indeed, ſaid ſhe, you are miſtaken, for I have had *more than two or three* between them.

Lady L—— and her two daughters having taken lodgings at a leather breeches-maker's in Maiden lane, the ſign of the cock and breeches, was always put to the bluſh when ſhe was obliged to give any body directions to her lodgings, the ſign being ſo odd; upon which, my lady, a very good ſort of a woman, ſending for her landlord, a likely young fellow, told him, ſhe liked him and his lodgings very well, but muſt be forced to quit him on account of his ſign, for ſhe was aſhamed to tell any body what it was: Oh dear, madam, ſaid the young fellow, I would do any thing rather than loſe ſo good lodgers, I can eaſily alter my ſign; ſo I think, replied my lady, and I'll tell you how you may pleaſe both me

and my daughters, *only take down your breeches, and let your cock ſtand.*

A gentleman viſiting a lady, took up a piece of fuller's earth, which lay in her window; ſir, ſays ſhe, you little know what that is good for: yes, replies he, to get ſpots out of cloaths; aye, but, ſays ſhe, 'tis an excellent thing for thoſe that are galled with riding; I hope, madam, ſays he, you are not galled with riding? No, ſir, replied ſhe, *nor with being rid neither.*

A gentleman at Mrs. Cornely's one evening ſeeing ſome wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dreſs, who ſat next him, not a great way from her navel, immediately took out his watch and clapped one of the ſeals upon it; bleſs me, ſir, what are you doing? only trying *to make an impreſſion upon you, madam.*

Quin went out one morning to a friend of his who had built a new houſe at Bath, before it was quite finiſhed; when being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the ſervant if his maſter was at home, and being anſwered in the negative, well, ſaid he, however, ſhow me your little houſe; yes, ſir, replied the ſervant keeping the ſtreet-door in his hand, the houſe is *ſmall*, but it is very compact; I mean continued Quin, your neceſſary houſe; yes, ſir, replied

replied the ſervant, I believe my maſter will find it very *neceſſary* when he comes home, and much better than in lodgings; your conveniency I mean, ſays Quin; very *convenient* I can aſſure you, ſtill continued the ſervant; Quin no longer able to contain himſelf, cried, with ſome emphaſis, *G—d d— you, you raſcal, ſhew me your ſh—t houſe, or by G—d I ſhall befoul my breeches*: O Lord, ſir, ſaid the ſervant, *that is not built yet.*

One meeting an acquaintance, ſays to him, with a kind of ſecret joy, *I'll tell you a piece of news, my friend; between you and I, my wife's with child; between you and I,* anſwered the other, *you are greatly miſtaken, for I have not lain with your wife this twelve months.*

A lady ſeeing the Sheriff of a county, who was a very handſome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man, a gentleman ſtanding by, aſked her, which ſhe liked beſt, the judge or the ſheriff? the lady told him, the ſheriff; why ſo? ſaid the gentleman; *becauſe*, anſwered ſhe, *tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous punſter, calling for ſome pipes in a tavern, complained they were too ſhort; the drawer ſaid, they had no other, and theſe were but *juſt come in*; *aye*, ſaid Daniel, *I ſee your maſter has not bought them very long.*

A cer-

A certain fop was boaſting in company that he had every *ſenſe* in perfection; *No, by G—d*, ſaid one, who ſtood by, *there is one you are entirely without, and that is common ſenſe.*

One who had always been very jocoſe in his life time, when he lay on his death-bed, his clerk came and deſired he would leave him a legacy; *here*, ſaid he, giving him a key, *in ſuch a drawer there is what will make you drink*; not many hours after he died, and the youth, greedily opening the drawer, found accordingly *two red herrings.*

A fellow ſtood ſtaring at a lady in a balcony, at which ſhe retired; ſays he, *what, does the ſun offend you, madam? Yes*, ſays ſhe, *the ſon of your father and mother.*

A handſome young gentlewoman, of a good family and ſmall fortune, being aſked, why ſhe did not apply to be a maid of honour? anſwered, That becauſe ſhe could not *puſh for it.*

A ſharper of the town ſeeing a country gentleman ſit alone at an inn, and thinking ſomething might be made of him, went and ſat near him; having thus introduced himſelf, he called for a paper of *tobacco*, and ſaid, *do you ſmoke, ſir? Yes*, ſaid the gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a deſign upon me.*

A country girl going to market was overtaken by a ſmart young fellow, who entered into diſcourſe with her, and praiſing her beauty, telling her, he never ſaw any body dreſſed ſo neat and *tight* in his life; *tight*, ſays the girl, oh, if you was but to ſee how *tight* I am on Sunday, it would do you good; why how *tight* are you on a Sunday? ſays the ſpark; *oh dear*, ſays ſhe, *I am ſo tight of a Sunday that ye can't ſtick a ſtraw in my a—ſe, but now you may put your noſe in.*

A certain captain who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well ſupport, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage: a few days after, as he was walking by the road ſide, he ſaw one of his ſoldiers lou—g himſelf under an hedge; *what are you doing there*, Tom, ſays the captain? *Why faith, ſir*, anſwered the ſoldier, *I am following your example getting rid of part of my retinue.*

A young gentleman playing at queſtions and commands with ſome very pretty young ladies, who commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but ſhe, as ſoon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, ran away into the next room, where was a bed; *Now, madam*, ſaid he, tripping up her heels, *I bar ſqueaking, bar the door you fool*, cry'd ſhe.

A pert

A pert coxcomb in company with Shakeſpear, riſing from his chair, ſaid ſaucily, *know*, Mr. Wag, *I ſet up for a wit*! oh, do you ſo, ſays Shakeſpear, *then take my advice, and ſit down again.*

A forward young girl having been debauched, her father applied to counſel to know whether an action would not lie between his daughter and her gallant? Go home, honeſt man, replied the barriſter, I find there has been already *too much action between them.*

One having a very fat wife, ſaid to her, faith, Nell, I wiſh my mare was as fat as thou art: I can tell you how that may ſoon be done, ſays ſhe; aye, prithee how? Why *ride your mare no oftener than you ride me, and ſhe'll ſoon be in my condition.*

A woman being with child, and her huſband one day carving a couple of conies, and beginning with the flaps, his wife called to him, 'pray, huſband, give me a flap off the conies, which, ſays he, wife, before all the company.

A country maid riding to market, her mare ſtumbled in the middle of the market place, and threw her topſy turvy, ſhewing all for nothing, but ſhe, receiving no harm by the fall, ſpeedily got up again, and turning herſelf to the

the laughing people, ſaid, ſirs, did you never ſee *the like before?* Never but once, ſaid a countryman, and that was a *black one.*

A Linen-drapper being aſked by a woman, how much would be ſufficient to make a *ſhift?* told her, if ſhe was a reaſonable woman, ſhe might make a *ſhift with one yard.*

A gentleman ſaying one day at table, that he could not endure a breaſt of mutton; you ſaid ſo the other day, cried another, of a breaſt of veal; very true, anſwered the firſt, I do not love the *breaſt* of any but *of a woman, and that goes againſt my ſtomach.*

A muſic maſter teaching a lady a piece of muſic of his own compoſing, they came to a note with a dot, which makes any note where it is placed half as long again; this not being fully intelligible, occaſioned the lady to miſs her time, which the other obſerving, ſays, madam, you have forgotten the prick; Lord, ſir, I did not *ſee it*; I beg pardon, madam, ſays the muſic maſter, I ſee my *prick is too ſmall*; the lady merrily ſaid, never mind it, ſir, *let me put my hand to it, I will ſoon make it bigger.*

A buck being at a bagnio, and not ſeeing a favourite waiting maid that he had a liking for, ſpoke theſe lines extempore.

*Repeated with but little variation on page 65

Is Sally dead, or is ſhe not?
Exclaims the ſenſual ſot,
From her I'll bleſs derive;
Here ends the glaſs—boy, call the maid,
For Sally lives—I'll haſte to bed,
and *ſtand* to forty-five.

A country girl who had a ſweetheart of the name of Roger; was aſking him one day to do ſomething for her, 'come, will you, Roger? the arch rogue immediately inverts her meaning, by ſaying, *if you will lay down I will rogen.*

A gentleman who was extremely fond of riding, aſked a lady if ſhe could ride? indeed, ſays the lady, I cannot; I like much better *to be rid.*

A forward girl being in company of two or three with her mother, muſt needs whip her hand up her petticoats and ſcratch her ——— 'Lord, child, ſays the mother in a pet, what are you about?' 'Only laying the itching of that which you have often plagued my poor father to do for you.'

A gentleman ſaid, as he was working with ſomething or other which was too pliant for his purpoſe, 'pox on it, *my thingumbob is ſo ſoft* I can do nothing with it;' a lady who was by, ſaid, do not fret, I will ſoon *ſtiffen it again.*

A gen-

A gentleman and lady playing together, nothing would ſerve the youth but he muſt tickle her under the arms; pray, ſays the lady, do not teaze me ſo, if you muſt *tickle me*, can you find no *other place*.

A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchyard one night, with the deſign of robbing a mulbery-tree, had not been long in it before one of the men and one of the maids came juſt under the place where he was, which made him lay as ſnug as he could, till the buſineſs they came about was over, when the chamber-maid began to give vent to theſe fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before; Lord, John, ſaid ſhe, now you have had your filthy will, what if I ſhould prove with child, who will take care of it? There is one above, replied John, I hope will provide for it: Is there ſo, ſaid the countryman, but I wou'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's baſtard, it ſhall be for one of my own begetting.

Nancy Parſons ſpeaking of the Marquis of Rockingham, ſaid, with a knowing air, that his merit was a poor ſtory indeed, ſince he had neither *head* nor *tail*.

Colonel Mordaunt ſaid, that a *gap* in chaſtity was like a *chaſm* in a young tree, always *widening*.

One

One evening a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning againſt a poſt in Cheapſide; a fellow coming by at the ſame time, ſeeing he was in ſuch a ſituation that he could not purſue him, ſnatched his hat off his head and ran away with it: Another of the ſame fraternity, at a little diſtance, ſaw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had ſtole his hat and run away with it, and aſked him why he did not run after him? "I am ſo damn'd drunk, ſays he, that I can "hardly *ſtand*, and therefore, I cannot *run after* "him." "If that's the caſe ſaid the other, "I may ſafely venture to ſteal your wig;" which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the poſt, and lamenting the loſs of his hat and wig.

The patriotic Mr. Morris meeting with a lady of his acquaintance very late one evening in a ſequeſtered part of Vauxhall gardens, aſked her what ſhe came there for? To look for ſomething, anſwered the lady, I believe ſo, madam, replied he, but faith I would not for the king's dominions have loſt what you are ſearching for.

King George the ſecond aſking General Hamilton why he lived ſo frugaly? Becauſe, anſwered the officer, I would not run out and have to depend in my old age upon the caprice, covetouſneſs, or ingratitude of a king.

A country-

A country clergyman who was ſpending an evening with ſome of his fair pariſhoners, requeſted one of them, a young lady about eighteen to give a toaſt, which ſhe immediately complied with, and gave *Truth*. The parſon obſerved it was a very good toaſt, but he did not conceive the whole of its excellency 'till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the plalm, with a very laudible voice in theſe words, *His Truth at all times firmly ſtood*. The parſon from hence was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

An Engliſh gentleman obſerving at Mrs. Cornely's, that the people of this country were, in general, the very oppoſite to the people of France; a Frenchman of quality, with whom he was converſing, replied, "That is very true, for with us no people are in diſgrace, but thoſe *turned out of employment*, and with you nobody is ſo contemptible and ſo much abuſed as thoſe *turned into places*.

A young gentleman attempting to get into Drury-lane play-houſe, found there was ſuch a crowd of people that there was no room. Juſt without the door, a damſel of the town accoſted him with, Can't you *get in*, ſir?' To which he replied in the negative.' 'If you'll go along with me, reſumed ſhe, you may *get*

in

in very eaſily, for I can furniſh you with very good *ſtanding room.*

Mr. N———, who is famous for ſtory-telling, and who is not always very tenacious of relating nothing but what is ſtrictly matter of fact, was one day aſked, by lady T——d, after telling a very improbable tale, that had not gained much applauſe, 'why he gave his mind to lying?' 'To tell you for once the truth,' my lady, ſaid he, 'I do it to hold my imagination in full practice, and keep my hand in;' beſides, ſaid he, if I were to habituate myſelf to tell truth, I might contradict my former aſſertions.

An honeſt Jack tar being at a quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth ſpeak with great emotion againſt the ill conſequence of giving the lie in converſation, and therefore, he adviſed, when any man was telling a tale that was not conſiſtant with truth or probability to cry *twang*, which would not irritate paſſion as the lie would; afterwards he digreſſed into the ſtory of the great miracle of five thouſand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them, that they were not ſuch loaves as are uſed now, but were as *big as a mountain*, at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang*; what, ſays the quaker, doſt thou think I lie, friend? No, ſays Jack, but I am thinking how *big the ovens were that bak'd them.*

A gentlemen being in company with ſome ladies who talked very amorouſly, felt an odd ſort of motion in his breeches, ſo he whiſpered one of the ladies in her ear, and told her, that his fuſee was cock'd, is it ſo, ſays ſhe, then you may fire at me, if you pleaſe, I'll ſtand ye, I am not afraid of your *flints*, *altho' there be two of them.*

A fellow comically diſpoſed, having gotten a great many horns in a baſket, cried *New furniture, rare furniture!* whereupon Alderman S—— admiring what it ſhould be, deſired to ſee it, and thereupon ſaid, why, you coxcombly fool, think you any one ſo mad as to buy ſuch ware? Yes, marry I do, replied he, *for though you are provided, there are many as wiſe as yourſelf that may have occaſion for them.*

Two perſons at law together for their lands, the trial came to be pleaded before the Chancellor, and the counſel on both ſides ſetting forth their limitations in queſtion by the plate, ſays one counſellor, 'My Lord, we *lye* on this ſide;' and, ſays the other, 'My Lord, we *lye* on this ſide;' nay, cries his Lordſhip, 'if you *lye* on both ſides, I'll *believe* none of you.'

A quibbling lady at a pig dinner, aſked a gentleman, whom ſhe had often out-witted with many jeſts and retorts, whether he loved pig,

pig, and if ſhe ſhould carve him ſome? Who anſwerd, I thank you madam, 'I love any 'thing that comes from a Sow.

In the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a great rumour of an invaſion, and muſtering both horſe and foot about London, inſomuch that the realm was terribly affrighted, but all came to nothing; a country gentleman then in London, aſked a friend of his to what end all that muſtering in London and Middleſex was? To what end, quoth the other, why, to *Mile-End*, for there was the general muſter; and, to what end were all the barges and lighters ſent down to ſtop the paſſage of the Thames? To what end, quoth he, *to Graveſend*; aye, but, ſays the gentleman, to what end was the hurly burly by land and water? To what end, quoth the other, marry as far as I can underſtand, *to no end.*

One Captain Broughton, who lived by his wits, viſiting a friend in the Tower about dinner time, his friend being abſent, in his walk he ſaw divers diſhes of meat, and bottles of wine carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately followed after the gueſts, among which the captain puts in with the reſt, and ſits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely, but often the lord had an eye upon this ſtranger, and ſeeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his gueſts whoſe relation he was, which the captain hearing, boldly

boldly ſalutes him in theſe words, 'My lord, 'do you not know me?' 'No indeed, ſir,' ſaid the lord; quoth the captain, 'ſure you 'do, my lord, for *you and I have been in all priſons in England*; how, ſaid the lord, I never was in any but this of *the Tower*; true, my lord, anſwered the captain, and *I have been in all the reſt*; at which jeſt the lord and his company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

Dr. Ratcliff, who was not the *humbleſt* man in the world, being ſent by Sir Edward Seymour, who was ſaid to be one of the *proudeſt*, the knight received him while he was dreſſing his feet, and picking his toes, being at that time troubled with a diabetes; and upon the doctors entering the room, accoſted him in this manner, 'ſo, quack, ſaid he, I'm a dead man, for I piſs *ſweet*!' 'Do you,' replied the doctor, 'than prithee piſs upon your toes for they *ſtink* damnably;' and ſo turning round on his heel, went out of the room.

The late Mr. Churchill the poet, being in company with ſome men of quality at a tavern, was called upon to give his toaſt, he named that lord's wife; the nobleman demanded why he named her? Why not, replied the poet, ſhe has the qualifications of a *toaſt*, *being both brown and dry*; which anſwer made them laugh, his lordſhip having been compelled to marry her againſt his inclination.

Parſon

Parſon Horne ſaid to a hare-brain'd fellow, who threw ſtones at a gibbet, "Well, I "ſee thou wilt hit the mark at laſt."

A liveryman belonging to the company of merchant taylors, lately preſented to the king a book containing ſome new ſtate regulations; his majeſty ſaid to one of his officers, 'Let my 'chancellor come to me this minute to make 'me a ſuit of cloaths, ſince my taylor takes 'upon him to make ſtate regulations.'

Sirrah, ſays Juſtice Fielding to one brought before him, you are an arrant knave; ſays he, juſt as your worſhip ſpoke, the clock ſtruck *two*.

A beautiful young creature of thirteen years of age being to be married to a ſtrapping fellow of thirty; the young lady's mother was ſeverely rallied at a tea-table converſation for conſenting to ſuch an unequal match; the mother ſaid in her defence, that ſhe had much rather her daughter ſhould *ſmart* than *itch*.

Lord H——n aſſured a young lady that he would do any thing to ſerve her: If I was poor and neceſſitous, ſaid the lady, I make no doubt but you would expreſs yourſelf in a different manner. Indeed, madam, I would not, replied his lordſhip, for, if you was *naked* I would *cover you*.

When the reverend Dr. Wilſon, who is a very old man, was making propoſals to the celebrated Miſs C———n to ſettle lands upon her to the amount of 500 acres.—Indeed, ſir, anſwered Miſs C——n, I am not mercenary, for with the man I like I ſhall be better ſatisfied with *a ſingle yard*, than with your 500 acres.

A Shoe-maker promiſed a wench a pair of ſhoes to lie with her; according to bargain, after buſineſs was over, ſhe demanded them; No, ſaid he, now the job's over, let him who *rides* you next *ſhoe* thee for me.

Dr. Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen walking towards Hampſtead on a ſummer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcel the punſter, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither? The doctor merrily anſwered, to make *hay*; very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient ſeaſon, the country wants *rakes*.

Two free-thinking authors, ſaid a certain bookſeller, when I was a little low in the world, aſſured me, if I would print their works, they would *ſet me up*; and indeed they were as good as their word, for in ſix weeks after I publiſhed the firſt thing they ſent me, I was *ſet up*, but it was *on the pillory*.

A lady

A lady being aſked how ſhe liked a gentleman's ſinging who had a very ſtinking breath; the words are good, ſaid ſhe, but the *air* is intolerable.

Daniel Purcel, the famous punſter, was deſired one night in company to make a pun extempore; upon what ſubject, ſaid Daniel; the King, anſwered the perſon that aſked; O, ſir, ſaid he, the *king* is no *ſubject*.

A huge folio whore endeavouring to pick up a gentleman, who objected to her ſize, told him, that a *long houſe* might have a *ſmall apartment*.

A gentleman who had given a lady of the town a purſe of guineas, was diſguſted before he had proceeded farther than lifting up her petticoats, and demanded his purſe again, when ſhe deſired to be excuſed, telling him, that no money could be returned after the *curtain is drawn up*.

* Lady Harrington, when the faſhion of wearing bugle borders at the *bottom* of the petticoats came to be diſcuſt at a tea table committee, ſaid, ſhe could not endure them they hurt her *face* ſo.

An arch foot-boy who was bringing to the table a calf's head, between the kitchen and the dining-room pickt out one of the eyes, and eat

eat it; the gentleman who had got the eye that was left, miſſing the other, aſked the boy after it, who confeſſed his having taken it; but how did you do it, ſays the gentleman, *juſt ſo*, ſaid the boy, and ſnatching up the other from the gentleman's plate ſwallowed it.

An old gentleman aſking a young rake, whoſe affiduities with his daughter gave him much uneaſineſs, upon what foot it was he came to ſee his daughter? Upon the *bed's foot*, replied the rake.

A gentleman was ſaying of a maid, at leaſt a nominal one, on her wedding night, that he wondered how ſhe would *act her part*, very well, replied one who knew her, for ſhe has frequently *rehearſed it*.

The celebrated Dr. Smollet ſays, upon the quarrels of men of letters, which give fools an opportunity of diverting themſelves, that it is inverting the order of the entertainment, for ment to *bait* one another, and *brutes* to be the *ſpectators*.

Shakeſpear ſaid of phyſicians, that *earth* was to them like *charity*, for that it covered a *multitude* of their *ſins*.

A maſter telling his ſervant that he *owed him a beating* a great while, take notice, ſaid the man, I never *aſked you for it*.

A ſhoe-

A ſhoemaker who had a vote in the election for a member of parliament, went conſtantly to a houſe of entertainment that was opened on the ſide of one of the candidates, where meat and liquors were liberally furniſhed; when the election came on, Criſpin gave his vote againſt the gentleman, on whoſe ſide he had all along eat and drank; and being reproached for the baſeneſs of this conduct, he burſt into laughter, and ſaid, ever whilſt you live *quarter* upon the *enemy*, I ſay, *quarter* upon the *enemy*.

Shakeſpear ſeeing a very old lady youthfully dreſt, eſpecially from her waiſt downwards, her petticoats being richly flounced and embroidered, ſaid, it was a pity to ſee ſo much finery employed in *new hooping* an *old caſk*.

Lord Eglinton telling the late duke of York, that the old dowager of C——n had married very improperly, that ſhe was *rank fleſh*, or ſhe had never *taken matrimony into her head* at her years; no replied the duke, ſhe has more of the *fiſh* in her, for it is plain ſhe was *ſteered* by her *tail*.

A haughty fellow taking notice that every time he went by a ſhoemaker's ſhop, the maſter of it laughed, took it into his head to have him before a juſtice for the affront, upon which, the ſhoemaker replied; that he had equal reaſon to complain, for that every time he *laughed*, the other went *by* his *ſhop*.

A paddy

A paddy and a ſawney were diſputing one day, with great warmth, upon the excellence of their repective nations; paddy, in proof that his ſurpaſſed all others, ſaid, all the heroes, ſages and philoſopers, *came out* of his country; that is ſo true, replied ſawney, that there is not *one left in it*.

A young nobleman, who had more good will than experience, being alone with a lady, who did not want for either, cried out in a tranſport, oh, that I had you but in a wood; a wood ſays the lady, ſmiling, that might be very well, but methinks ſuch a *cloſet as this* with the *doors ſhut*, and a *velvet couch*, is full as convenient a place.

The counteſs of E——n coming into the dreſſing room of her daughter, a young lady about fifteen, whilſt ſhe was at her toilet, and obſerving her very buſy in ſetting her perſon off to the beſt advantage; herſelf being in full dreſs and richly adorned with jewels, aſked her what ſhe would give to be as fine as her mamma; not quite ſo much as your ladyſhip would give *to be as young as me*.

Shakeſpear ſeeing one coming towards him where he ſtood, aſked who it was, and being told that it was Lord B——g, ſaid, I thought it was a lord *he looked ſo little like a gentleman*.

A gentleman upon ſeeing hung at a lady's watch the picture of her deceaſed huſband, who

it

it was believed had haſtened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, ſaid, it was barbarous in her, to *hang him in chains ſo near the place of execution.*

A gentleman talking in company concerning the game act, remarked, that the late Earl of Eglinton had a *hand in it*, no faith, replied another, that's a miſtake, *it was a belly full you mean.*

A Frenchman who ſpoke very broken Engliſh having ſome words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name, at laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, *begar mine dear but you be von vile dog's wife*; aye that's true enough anſwered the woman, the more my misfortune.

A gentlewoman, who had two gallants, growing big with child, the queſtion was put who ſhould be the father, when one of them, who had a wooden leg, offered to decide it thus, if the child comes into the world with a *wooden leg, I will father it*, if not *it ſhall be yours.*

When Lord Rochford was ambaſſador to the court of France, in a converſation with his majeſty concerning horſes, the king told him he had much better horſes than either he or his maſter had; how can that be ſays his excellency, when you have your beſt horſes from England, and the king my maſter has the fineſt the country produces; true replied

his majeſty, but conſider your king's horſe carries only *himſelf*, but mine carries both *king and parliament*.

The celebrated Thomſon going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him as they paſſed by Peterborough houſe, at Millbank, that houſe had ſunk a *ſtory*; no friend, ſays he, I believe it is a *ſtory raiſed*.

It was aſked in company when Lord C—— was preſent, whether the *piers* of Weſtminſter bridge were to be of *wood or ſtone*; oh, ſays his lordſhip of *ſtone* to be ſure for we have too many *wooden peers already*.

A drunken fellow having made away with all his goods, except his *feather-bed*, was at length obliged to part with that alſo, for which being reproved by ſome friends, pſhaw, ſays he, I am very *well*, thank God and why ſhould I *keep my bed*.

A young fellow being told his miſtreſs was married, and the better to convince him of it, added he had ſeen the *bride and bridegroom*; prithee, ſaid the forſaken ſwain, do not call them by thoſe names, I can't bear to hear them; ſhall I call them *dog and cat*, anſwered the other; oh no for heavens ſake, replied the firſt, that ſounds ten times more like *man and wife* than the other.

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs, and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not ſeen him a great while, who accoſted him thus, bleſs me! are you *alive?* why not, anſwered the fidler, did you ſend any body to *kill* me? No, replies the other, but I was told you was *dead*; aye, ſo it was reported, it ſeems, ſays the fidler, but I knew it was a *lie* as ſoon as *I heard it.*

Lord P--m--ke who had an exceeding good lady to his wife, but being himſelf too fond of the faſhions of the age, choſe to lay with her *waiting woman.* Lord C--r--d obſerved, that Lord Harry, was a queer ſort of a mortal, for though he had a lovely lady to his wife, he generally choſe to *lye on a dreſſer.*

During the time of General Belliſle's confinement in Windſor caſtle, as a party of ſoldiers were marching there to be ſet as guards over him, a gentleman meeting them on the road, aſked where they were going and upon what buſineſs; when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, we are going to Windſor to keep a *General faſt.*

Shakeſpear ſeeing another ſitting in a neceſſary houſe, with a book in his hand reading it very attentively, ſaid he was ſorry his memory was ſo *bad*, that he could not *ſh--e without a book.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to ſave a man that had ſtole a watch, deſired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the proſecutor cries out, *ten-pence*, my lord, why the very *faſhion* of it coſt me *five pounds*; oh, ſays his lordſhip we muſt not hang a man for *faſhion's ſake*.

A gentleman riding over Saliſbury plain when it rained very hard, ſet up a *gallop*, and paſſed by another whoſe horſe ſtood *ſtill*; a little ſurpriſed at this ſight, he aſked the reaſon of it; zounds ſays the other, who the de'il but a fool would *ride in all this wet*.

A good humoured wife abuſing her huſband on his mercenary diſpoſition, told him that if ſhe was dead, he would marry the devil's eldeſt daughter if he could get any thing by it, true, replied the huſband, but the worſt of it is, one cannot marry *two ſiſters*.

A clergyman who was inclined to write notes on Shakeſpear's plays carried a ſpecimen of his performance to a certain actor, and deſired his opinion; ſir, ſays the player, I wonder people won't mind their own affairs, you may ſpoil your own *bible* if you pleaſe, but pray let *ours alone*.

A gentleman near ſeventy who was bleſſed with a polite education and a fine genius, but was very wavering and unſtable in his diſpoſition, was reproached with it by another gentleman,

tleman who told him he could never hold to any reſolution; faith ſir, ſaid he, you are much miſtaken, I have reſolved not to *kiſs the girls* ſo much as I formerly did, and I am ſure I ſhall hold to that.

A virtuous lady being once in a muſing vein, ſat with her legs pretty wide, her huſband ſaid, ſweetheart, your *cabinet* ſtands open; ſay you ſo, ſaid ſhe, why don't you lock it then? For I am ſure none keeps the *key* but yourſelf.

When the late dauphin of France, ſaid to the facetious duke of Rogulaire, ſtand farther off Rogulaire, for you *ſtink*; the duke replied, I aſk your pardon, ſir, *'tis you that ſmell not I.*

A certain lady, finding her huſband ſomewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away, ſaying, *huſſy I have no occaſion for ſuch ſluts as you, I hired you to do your own buſineſs not mine.*

Voltaire having lampoon'd a nobleman, was one night in his way home, intercepted by him, and handſomely cudgelled for his licentious wit, upon which, he applied to the duke of Orleans, who was then regent, and begged him to do juſtice in the affair; ſir, replied the agent ſmiling, *it has been done already.*

A young

A young gentleman having had misfortunes, came to his miſtreſs, and told her, he was reduced even to the want of *five guineas*; to which ſhe replied, I am glad of it with all my heart; are you ſo madam, ſays he, ſuſpecting her conſtancy, pray for what reaſon; becauſe, ſaid ſhe, *I can furniſh you with five thouſand.*

Sir Francis Blake Deleval having married an extreme ugly lady, tho' very rich, was aſked by his friends, how he could think of marrying ſo ordinary a woman; look ye, ſaid he, I bought her for *weight*, and paid nothing for *faſhion.*

Lady G--v--r, to excuſe herſelf for a frailty ſhe had lately fallen into, ſaid to an intimate friend of hers; lord how is it poſſible for a woman to keep her *cabinet unpickt* when every fellow has got a *key to it.*

Some thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood, a little after, they met another, bound him alſo, and laid him on the other ſide of the hedge, when one of them cried out, ſaying, *I am undone, I am undone*, the other hearing him ſay ſo, prayed that he would come and *undo him too.*

A perſon who had been married for twenty years and never had a child, being in company with ſome maſons, who ſaid, they had been digging

digging for a well but they could not *ſucceed*, by G--d gentlemen, ſays our married man, you are juſt in my caſe, I have been *digging at my wife's well* theſe twenty years and cannot for the blood and ſoul of me make her *ſucceed*.

The late duke of Y--k happened to be in company with lady H——n, he obſerving her very attentively looking at a poor ſoldier, who was making water againſt her window; after his highneſs had looked at her for ſome time, he aſked her, pray my lady, does your milliner often cheat you in your *meaſure*; ſhe anſwered, no my lord, why do you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? becauſe ſays he, you look ſo earneſtly at the *length* of that poor man's *yard*.

A muſic maſter teaching a lady a piece of muſic of his own compoſing, they came to a note with a dot, which makes any note where it is placed, half as long again, this not being fully intelligible, occaſioned the lady to miſs her time, which the other obſerving, ſays, madam, you forgot my *prick*, lord ſir, ſays the lady, I did not ſee it; I beg pardon madam, ſays the muſic maſter, I ſee *my prick is too ſmall*; the lady not being any of the overchaſte, merrily ſaid, never mind it ſir, let me put my *hand to it*, I will ſoon make it *bigger*.

A gentleman ſitting by Mrs. W-ff-n, at lord Lovat's trial, took notice to her of Fanny M——'s

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M——'s being at a little diſtance from them; oh, ſaid ſhe, I ſuppoſe Fanny has an *eye* upon the whole houſe of commons; and I dare anſwer for her, madam, replied the gentleman, if ſhe has, her *eye's no bigger than her belly.*

Lord F-lm-th having a great itch after a gentleman's wife in the neighbourhood, employed her chambermaid in the affair; at their next meeting he enquired what anſwer her lady had ſent him, anſwer, ſays the girl, why ſhe has ſent you this for a token, *giving him a ſmart ſlap on the face*; aye, cry'd the old fox rubbing his chaps, *and you have loſt none of it by the way.*

Sir James Lowther applying to the earl of Cheſterfield, to attend the *Nullum Tempus bill*, hoping for his lordſhip's intereſt in his behalf againſt the duke of Portland, his lordſhip however, pleaded his infirmities and age, in excuſe of his non-attendance; upon which the converſation taking another turn, ſir James talked of his intention of *building*, if you think of that, ſir James, ſaid his lordſhip, I would adviſe you not to *build with Portland ſtone.*

When Mynheer Bentick, grandfather to the preſent duke of Portland, went to Wales to be preſent at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a ſpeech in broken Engliſh, and addreſſed them in the following manner, Gentlemen, *I becom deer for all your*

your goods; ay, ay, replied ſir Watkin Wynne, and our *chattels too*.

A Welch parſon having once made a great preachment about miracles, obſerved, that the prophet Jonah, was three days and three nights in the *belly of a quail*; he never took the leaſt notice of his blunder till he came down from his pulpit, and was whiſpered in the ear by his clerk, who with becoming modeſty and ſubmiſſion, told the learned preacher that he miſtook a *quail* for a *whale*, tut you fool replied the ſhrewd parſon *the miracles is the greater*.

A country curate, who had much inſiſted, in an afternoon ſermon, that reaſon was given to man for a bridle to curb and reſtrain his paſſion, happened the ſame evening to take ſo large a doſe at a chriſtening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next morning one of his pariſhioners aſked him, what he had done with his *bridle* over night, he replied, *I juſt took it off to drink*.

Three city ladies meeting at a viſit, a grocer's wife, a cheeſemonger, and a tobacconiſt's, who perhaps ſtood more upon the punctilio's of precedence, then ſome of their betters would have done at the court end of the town; when they had riſen up, and took their leaves, the cheeſe-mongers wife was going out of the room firſt, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and

ſtepping

ſtepping before her, no, madam, ſays ſhe, nothing comes after *cheeſe*; I beg your pardon, madam, replies the cheeſe-mongers wife, putting the tobacconiſt's lady back, who was alſo ſtepping before her—after *cheeſe* comes *tobacco*.

Shakeſpear riding once upon a large lean horſe, a perſon that met him aſked, what a yard of his horſe was worth? With that he bids his man alight, and lift up his horſe's tail, and then he anſwered, enter into the ſhop and they within will tell you.

A country-woman ſent her daughter to a lady with a preſent of ripe medlars, the clownish wench being come to the lady, told her, that her mother had ſent her ladyſhip ſome *open arſes*, and ſhe ſays, you muſt keep them till they are as rotten as a turd, or elſe they will not be worth a fart; this language ſo diſpleaſed the lady, that ſhe reſolved to complain to her mother of her ill breeding; ſo meeting her mother in the market, ſhe told her of it; oh, madam, ſays ſhe, I beat her ſometimes till ſhe ſtinks again, but I might as well go to ſhite, for let me do what I can, I cannot mend her, for ſhe's very ill bred, and hath no more manners than my arſe.

Lord T———le lately addreſſed a lady in a public aſſembly, and told her, he had heard that her ladyſhip had ſpoke of him in a very diſreſpectful manner; on which her ladyſhip, with

with a great deal of humour, patted him on the *head*, and ſaid, indeed, my good lord, *there is nothing in it*,

Counſellor Wedderburne being in company with a French phyſician, and the diſcourſe turning upon the different diſorders incident to human nature, the doctor among other remarks, ſaid, he believed the fiſtula was firſt known in France; and how the devil could that be, replies the counſellor, the fiſtula is ſaid to ariſe from a cold in the poſteriors, but it is well known the French always turns their arſe to the fire of their enemies.

An Iriſh fortune-hunter at bath, telling Mr. Smollet, that he had got an excellent phaeton on the new plan; I am rather of opinion, ſays our celebrated author, that you have got it on the *old plan*, for I ſuppoſe you never intend to *pay for it*.

A gentleman having wrote an eulogium on the Duke of G—f—n, ſhewed it to Mr. Smollet, and deſired his opinion; in the firſt page Smollet was ſtruck with the words 'Thou 'peerleſs peer,' oh, my dear friend, ſays he, this is an intolerable error, for heaven's ſake ſtrike it out, and let it ſtand Thou *grateleſs peer*.

A young rake ſpeaking of the rigorous behaviour of his father, ſaid, he ſo curtailed him

him in his pleaſures, that he abſolutly broke his heart; Shakeſpear being preſent, told him, that the only way to rid himſelf of his reſtraint, was to prevail with his father to make him his coachman; what do you mean by that, ſays the ſpark? why then, ſays Shakeſpear, you might overſet the old hunks, and break *his neck*, by way of being *even* with him.

Shakeſpear going through a country church yard, ſaw theſe words inſcribed on a tomb ſtone; *To remain there till called for*, upon which he immediately took out his pencil and wrote underneath, *ſtay there and be d—n'd.*

The celebrated Mr. Leveridge, on Saturday evening in giving out the play made a ſmall miſtake, and inſtead of ſaying on *Monday next* will be preſented &c. addreſſed the audience with ladies and gentlemen, *to-morrow will be*; *to-morrow*, ſays a buck from the pit, *why to-morrow's Sunday.* I know it my good friend, ſays Leveridge, *to-morrow* there will be a *charity ſermon* preached at St. Paul's Covent Garden, and on *Monday*, at this theatre will be preſented the *Recruiting Officer*, with a farce called, *Wit at a pinch*, this turned the laugh of the audience, which was before againſt him, and he went off with an univerſal plaudit.

Some ladies in the long room at Bath, obſerved colonel J———n was a ſmart fellow, Mr. Wilkes being preſent, choſe to exerciſe, his

his by immediately aſking him, who was his *taylor*; oh ſir, ſays the colonel, he won't do for you, he deals for *ready money only*.

One of the troubleſome gentry called dinner hunters, one day invited himſelf to dine with alderman S—b—ge, the dinner conſiſted of ſome fiſh, and a fine piece of roaſt beef, the gentleman helped himſelf about half a dozen times, and approved highly of the alderman's taſte in preferring the *roaſt beef of old England* to thoſe *flimſy kickſhaws* ſo much in *faſhion*, adding *here's cut and come again*; ſir, ſays the alderman *you may cut, but damn me if ever you come again*.

At a private maſquerade colonel L--tt--l appeared in the character of *a cook*, and being met by lord T--m- e, was deſired to dreſs a couple of *pork chops*; ſir, replied the colonel as you are the only *hog* in company, I muſt beg leave to cut them from your *carcaſe*.

A certain lady having made a very large acquaintance, among the beaus and pretty fellows at Bath, was aſked by ſir J—— s E———e, what ſhe would do with them all, oh, ſays ſhe, *they paſs off like the waters*; and pray madam, replied he, *do they paſs off the ſame way*.

Shakeſpear being one evening at a tavern with a gentleman, the latter endeavoured to force the former to drink more than he cared for,

ſor, and ſwore if he did not pledge him he would run him through the body; why then, ſays our wag, to ſave you that trouble, I'll run myſelf through, and *pledge* you afterwards; upon which he ran out of the door, down ſtairs, and left the hero as a *pledge* for the *reckoning*.

Counſellor Wedderburne being invited to dine with Lord N——h, after two or three healths, his Lordſhip gave the miniſtry; but the Counſellor endeavoured to avoid drinking it, by telling a gentleman, who ſat next him, a ſtory; at laſt his Lordſhip obſerving his toaſt did not go round, aſked, gentlemen, where *ſticks* the miniſtery? *At nothing*, ſays the Counſellor, and ſo drank off his glaſs.

The daughter of a haberdaſher who came down to Bath to drink the waters, being offered ſome indecency by a gentleman, ſpit plump into his mouth: Earl Cheſterfield being told of it, ſaid, that he never knew a *naſty trick* done in ſo *clean* a manner.

Shakeſpear was one night drinking a bottle with a juſtice, when a conſtable brought a fine girl before him, however, the magiſtrate being engaged with his friend, bid Mr. Conſtable take her home to his houſe, and bring her the next day; I have no objection, ſays he, provided your worſhip will *commit my wife till the morning*.

A man

A man was at another time brought before the ſame magiſtrate, when Shakeſpear was preſent, for defamation, in calling his neighbour a *ſcavenger*, pray ſir, ſaid Shakeſpear to the juſtice, attend ſeriouſly to this charge, for to me it appears there is ſome very *dirty work* going forwards.

A young lady of earl Ch——d's acquaintance, having refuſed her hand to a very deſerving man, becauſe he was poor, and being upon the point of marriage with a rich old gentleman; madam, ſays his lordſhip, I always took you for a woman of ſenſe, but I have been miſtaken, I find, you make *matrimony* a meer *matter of money*.

Shakeſpear being one morning at a coffee-houſe, was much diſturbed by a very noiſy gentleman who ſat at a ſmall diſtance from him, upon which he enquired who the ſpark was; a gentleman told him he was one of thoſe gentry called *rooks*; a *rook*, ſir, ſays our wagg, zounds, 'tis impoſſible by his chattering, I am ſure he is a *magpye*.

Lord Falkland, the author of the play called the *Marriage Night*, was choſen very young to ſit in parliament, and when he was firſt elected, ſome of the members oppoſed his admiſſion, urging, that he had not ſown his *wild oats*; then replied he, it will be the beſt way to

ſow them in the *houſe*, where there are ſo many *geeſe* to pick them up.

A certain great man who had been a furious *party man*, and moſt ſurpriſingly changed ſides, by which he obtained a coronet, was ſoon after at cards, at a place where lady T——nd was, and complaining in the midſt of the game, that he had a great pain in his *ſide*, I thought your lordſhip had *no ſide*, ſaid ſhe; yes, but I have, anſwered my lord, and a *backſide* too; have you ſo replied my lady, every body knows your *wife* has one.

A gentleman, upon loſing his place, for having been ſeen often in company with diſaffected perſons, aſſured the miniſter, that he was very innocent, nothwithſtanding his acquaintance with thoſe people; it may be ſo, ſays Walpole, but if an honeſt woman is found in a *bawdy-houſe*, people would be apt to take her for a *whore*.

A fellow having his breeches torn between his legs, that ſomething hung out, which being eſpy'd by a young laſs, ſhe aſked what it was, he told her, it was his *purſe*; your *purſe*, ſays ſhe, if that be your *purſe*, then I am ſure *my purſe* is *cut*.

Shakeſpear taking ſome company with him into a paſtry cook's ſhop, to treat them with a particular *pye*, enquired of the maſter if he did not keep all *ſorts* of *pyes*; yes, ſir, replies the cook

cook with high glee, and the beſt in *England*; well then, ſays our wagg, let us have a couple of your *magpyes*.

A mountebank being on his ſtage at Chelmsford, in Eſſex, in order to promote the ſale of his medicines, told the country people, that he came there for the good of the publick, and not for *want*; then ſpeaking to his merry Andrew, Andrew ſays he, do we come for *want*; no faith ſir, ſays Andrew, we have *enough of that at home*, beſides, continued he, my maſter has a very great eſtate, but that's neither *here* nor *there*.

A ſcholar being ſo fuddled that he could not *unlock his door*, complained to the governor that ſomebody had *ſtolen* away his *key hole*.

One ſeeing his *ſon* in miſchief, cried out, ſirrah, did you ever ſee me do ſo when *I was a boy*?

A lady who was going to be married, went to her uncle in order to ſettle her affairs, and informed him, as there lay on him ſome part of her dependence, ſhe ſhould be glad to ſettle with him; the uncle deſiring to know the reaſon of ſo ſudden a demand, ſays, pray niece what are you going about; why ſays ſhe, uncle I am going to take a *great thing in hand*; ah,

ſays

ſays he, what can that be; why ſays ſhe, indeed I am going to be married.

L--y C——try was in company one day, who happened to turn their converſatiou upon *Coventry Croſs*; one lady ſaid, that was a *croſs* ſhe had never *ſeen*; I do not know, ſays her ladyſhip, what you may have *ſeen*, but I aſſure you I have *ſeen Coventry croſs very often*.

Sir Joſeph M———y and ſome gentlemen coming from the election at Brentford, meeting a parſon and his wife, on horſeback, well parſon, ſays he, who *wears the breeches*; why replies the prieſt ſmartly to the knight, *my a--e*.

A light headed blade walking along the ſtreets, meets with an old decayed gentlewoman, with a gown that by age was worn thread bare, the gallant thinking to break a jeſt with her, took up the hem of her gown and *kiſſed it*, which ſhe looking back and taking notice of, aſked him what he meant by that; why ſaid he, *to honour old age*; alas ſir, replied ſhe, you might then have *kiſſed my a--ſe* for it is *forty years older*.

A certain minority writer waiting one day at lord N——h's levee, was aſked by his lordſhip what brought him there; the ſatireſt replied, I hear you want a good *pen*; no, ſays his lordſhip I don't; then ſays the other, I have a *bad one*,

one, which perhaps you may'nt like; if *very bad*, ſays my lord, I muſt get one of the ſecretaries of ſtate to *mend it*.

On a benefit night at the playhouſe many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were open, which when diſcovered, a gentleman cried out in a paſſion, 'twas a ſhame they ſhould *fill the houſe full of people before any body came*.

The humour of the Spur.

Mr. Jokiſh and Mr. Jackſon, two tradeſmen of London, ſome time ago went down to Weſtcheſter fair together, to lay a little money out; and being there one night, at an inn where they lodged, and ſomething merrier than ordinary, the chamberlain as he was lighting them to bed, happening to conduct them through an apartment, where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokiſh obſerved, that one of them was ſo plaguey long ſhanked, that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed; which he no ſooner ſaw, than he conceived a mighty deſire to have a little humour with them. And as ſoon as they came into the next room where they were to lie, he ſays to the chamberlain that conducted them there, you may now leave us, and we'll take care of the candle ourſelves. So when the

chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his deſign. "Did you obſerve, ſays he, the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out at the feet of the bed." "Yes, replied Jackſon, and what then." "If you'll hold the candle, anſwered Jokiſh, juſt at the door and light me, and take it away at my ſignal, I'll ſhew you ſome diverſion." "With all my heart, replies Jackſon," who was alſo in a right mood for ſuch kind of entertainments; ſo both of them pulled off their ſlippers, that they might not be detected by any noiſe, that they might elſe make, in the execution. And as ſoon as Jokiſh came into the room, where the two men lay, he (looking about to ſee what he ſhould begin with) ſpies by the bedſide, a pair of ſpurs, one of which he takes up, and immediately puts it as gently as ever he could upon the man's naked foot that hung ſo far out of the bed, and as ſoon as he had buckled it faſt, he beckons to his friend Jackſon to take away the candle, and ſhut the door; and then being himſelf in the dark, he gives teague (for he happened to be an Iriſhman) a good hard pinch upon the ſame foot that he had put the ſpur upon, the Iriſhman at this began to growl confoundedly, and hauling up his feet into the bed, and, not yet awake, he ſcratched his bedfellow's legs ſadly with the ſpur. At this, the other (who was a Scotchman) roars out in a develiſh paſſion, De'el d——n you ſir, quoth he, gen ye'ſe not gang oot the bed, and cut your toe nails, by

G—d

G—d iſe throw yow out o'th window. The Iriſhman being yet aſleep and not in the leaſt ſenſible of what had paſſed, bye and bye thruſt down his legs again as they were before. Then Jokiſh gave him t'other tweke by the toe, and up the Iriſhman hauls his feet again, and ſcratched the Scotchman's legs as before; at this the Scotchman began to pummel the Iriſhman heartily, and till he had thoroughly waked him; bye and bye the Iriſhman rolling his feet about the bed, ſtruck the rowel of the ſpur into his own leg, and which now thoroughly waked him, indeed at this, he with ſome ſurpriſe, putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, for he thought it felt but odly to him, cry'd out in a very great paſſion, Arah d——n my ſhoul, but de horſler of diſh inn is a very great raſchal now dat he iſh, for by Chrieſht but he haſh pulled off both my boots, and like a d——n'd rogue left one of my ſpurs on.

The Gooſe.

A countryman brought to town a ſcore of fine geeſe, and having ſold all but one to a very good profit, he was reſolved not to ſell the laſt. But as he was going home a lady happening to be looking out of a window, and taking a fancy to the gooſe, ſent her maid to enquire the price; the countryman told her, it ſhould be a f—, which the girl took amſs, and called him

him an impudent fellow, the lady who was on the top of the ſtairs, hearing a ſquabble, called to enquire the noiſe, the maid anſwered, lord ma'am the man talks bawdy; why what does the fellow ſay will be the price of his gooſe, O Lord ma'am, he ſays ſuch naughty words I dare not tell you, poh, poh, ſays the lady, let him come to me, ſo up ſtairs went the countryman, and was ſhewn into the lady's dreſſing room, well fellow, ſays ſhe, what is the price of your gooſe; a f— madam, ſays Hodge; what is that you ſay fellow; a f— madam; come come, ſays ſhe, do not be fooliſh, but tell me the price of your gooſe, for I am reſolved to have it; a f— madam, by G—d you ſhall not have it under; well, ſays ſhe, ſince you are reſolved to have your ends, I grant it you, for I am reſolved to have the gooſe, but as my head is dreſſed I muſt deſire you to lay under me, that I may lay myſelf in a poſture ſo as not to diſorder my head dreſs; very well ma'am, ſays Hodge, it is all the ſame to me, down he lays, and up mounts madam, when they had run their lengths, ſhe demanded her gooſe; no ſays hodge, it is not your's yet, by G—d madam, for you have f— me; well ſays ſhe, I am reſolved to have the gooſe, therefore prepare yourſelf to come on, which he did, after they had finiſhed their ſecond bout, ſhe demanded her right; no madam, it only quits for quits, I muſt have the other bout before you have the gooſe; well, ſays ſhe, you are a comical fellow, but I am reſolved to

have

have the gooſe, down madam lays herſelf again, and they had juſt compleated matters as the huſband entered the room, who ſeeing a ſturdy fellow with his wife in her bed-chamber, with his breeches half down, began to be in a terrible paſſion, but women, who are never at a loſs for an excuſe, cries out, Lord huſband, I am glad you are come, this naſty fellow has offered to ſell me a gooſe, and will not take leſs than ſix ſhillings and nine-pence, and now I have called him, he ſays, if I do not have the gooſe, he will ſhit in the room; poh, poh, ſays the gentleman, give the man his money, and let him go; ah ſays Hodge, I am glad you are come, or I ſhould have been fairly ſ— out of my gooſe.

When the earl of Stair was laſt ambaſſador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ambaſſadors were conſtantly invited, not excepting the ambaſſador of France, with whoſe nation, we were upon the point of breaking; in return the Abbe de Ville, the French reſident as conſtantly invited the Engliſh, and Auſtrian ambaſſadors, upon the like occaſions. The Abbé was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a certain quaintneſs, in which he took great pride; agreeable to this humour, he one day propoſed a health in theſe terms, *The riſing ſun, my maſter*, alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company; it came then to the Baron de Reiſhach's turn to give a health,

health, and he to countenance the Abbe, and to pleaſe him propoſed, *The moon and fixed ſtars* in compliment to his miſtreſs the Empreſs Queen, which was greatly applauded, and when it came to the Earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him, but as that nobleman, whoſe preſence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occaſions, drank to his maſter by the name of *Joſhua* the *ſon* of *Nun*, who made the *ſun* and *moon* to *ſtand ſtill*.

The Parſon *and the* Fowls; *or the* Maid *too cunning for her* Maſter.

A rich old batchelor, a clergyman in the country, having made choice of a pretty young maid to be his houſe-keeper, had ordered upon a certain Sunday, a couple of fowls to be got ready for his dinner, that after he had given his congregation a little Chriſtian conſolation at church, he might come home and refreſh his tired vitals with a dainty modicum; when the clerk and his loobily aſſiſtants had chimed all in, for about a quarter of an hour, away jogged the ſhepherd to fodder his ſheep, and meaſure his time by the hour glaſs, leaving his pretty houſekeeper to prepare the cacklers againſt the accuſtomed time of his return.

The diligent maid, when ſhe thought her ghoſtly maſter had been long enough exalted two degrees above his clerk, to get about a quarter

quarter of an hour on the right ſide of his text, gueſſed it very proper time to lay down the fowls, which ſhe did accordingly, as the tid-bits were running merrily round before a rouſing fire. Who ſhould take the advantage of the parſon's abſence, but his houſekeepers ſweetheart, who by his pleaſant, comical hoity toities, and other winning accompliſhments, had ſo wriggled himſelf into her affections, that it is not unreaſonable to think, he had as much command as her maſter.

The maid having miſtaken the time of the day, happened to be a little too early with her cookery, ſo that the fowls were full ready before the parſon had given his hungry auditory leave to return home to their puddings and dumplings. The ſweetheart being a fellow of an incomparable ſtomach, thought it a great pity, ſuch good victuals ſhould be ſpoiled for want of eating, and very eagerly ſolicited his loving Jug to ſpare him one of the fowls to ſtop a little hole he had in his appetite, telling her one would be ſufficient for her maſter, and that ſhe had wit enough to contrive ſome ſtory or other, to handſomely excuſe the matter and blind him from the true knowledge of what became of it.

The maid being willing to oblige her lover, who ſhe found was ſo deſirous to oblige her upon all occaſions, ventured to take up one to ſave the longing of her ſweetheart, who being very well prepared for ſuch a nice entertainment, gobbled it up with ſuch expedition, that

that before his benefactreſs had wound up the jack, he had not ſo much as left the claws which the poor cockral uſed to ſcratch the dunghil withal.

He had no ſooner diſpatched his ſweetheart's firſt courteſy, but he began to be very importunate with her for the ſecond, telling her an excuſe was as eaſy made for both as for one, and that ſhe had as good be hanged for a ſheep as a lamb, till at laſt, by adding a few melting kiſſes to his ravenous ſolicitations, he prevailed upon her to draw the other off the ſpit, that he might finiſh his meal by robbing the parſon of his Sunday's dinner.

The ſecond bird being brought before him, he loſt no time, but drove down the former with the latter, without any viſible abatement of either his ſpeed or his appetite. When he had cleared the diſh, and waſhed all down with a cup of the parſon's beſt beer, he took a thankful leave of his miſtreſs, who now began to be at her wits end how to excuſe the rudeneſs ſhe had ſo fooliſhly committed.

As ſhe was thus pondering with herſelf, who ſhould ſtep in but the parſon and a ſtranger with him, who coming from another town to hear him preach, the parſon thought himſelf obliged to invite him home to dinner with him.

No ſooner had the old Levite conducted his gueſt into his parlour, but he begged his pardon a minute, and retired into another room to whet his knife upon the frame of an old table, which

which was always his cuſtom before dinner; the maid in a peck of fears and troubles took the advantage in the interim, and ſtepping into the parlour, in a ſtrange ſeeming ſort of diſorder, frightens away her maſter's gueſt with a ſurpriſing ſtory as follows, viz. Lord ſir, how came you to venture yourſelf home with my maſter, at this time of day, when if you had known him, you might have eaſily diſcovered by his countenance, he is in one of his old freaks. Why, what's the matter with him, ſays the country farmer, he was woundy civil to me in the church yard, and by all means would bring me home to dine with him. Alas, good ſir, replied the maid, whatever you do, let me adviſe you to make the beſt of your way out of the houſe, for if you ſtay, now he is in one of his frenzical humours, he will certainly geld you, and I dare ſay, he is whetting his knife for the ſame purpoſe, he has lately ſerved two or three ſo already, though they have had the diſcretion to keep it ſilent, becauſe they ſhould not be laughed at. I thank thee kindly ſweetheart, cry'd the countryman, are theſe his tricks with a pox to him, wounds ſhew me the next way out, for I would not loſe my tarriwags for the beſt dinner in Chriſtendom, upon which the wench ſhewed him out of a back door, and away ran Gaffer as if the devil was at his heels.

He had not been gone a minute, but in comes the parſon with his knife in his hand, and finds his maid ſtamping and ſtorming, as

if ſhe was raving mad in the parlour, with an empty ſmeared diſh upon the table, and his gueſt gone. What's the matter now, ſays the parſon, what's the meaning of all this, where is the man gone that I brought home with me. Lord ſir, replies the maid, I never ſaw ſuch an unmannerly hound ſince my eyes were open, I no ſooner brought the fowls to table, but he ſnatched them both out of the diſh and crammed them into his breeches, and away he ſcowered out of the back door as if the devil was in him. Zouns, faith the prieſt, I am reſolved the impudent fellow ſhall not cozen me of my dinner ſo, and away runs the parſon after the countryman, who by this time, had got near a fields length off him, but however, having preached himſelf very hungry, he trotted away after him, with his naked knife in his hand, crying out, give you brazen dog, what you have run away with in your breeches, the fellow anſwering as he ran, efaith doctor not I, I would rather ſee you hanged firſt; the parſon finding the fellow too nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cry'd out in milder terms, prithee friend don't run away with them both, but be ſo kind to let me have one of them; not I by the maſs, replies the fellow, I had rather ſee you at the devil than part with either of them. The farmer being young and luſty, ſoon got ground of the parſon, that he was forced to give over his chace and return home puffing and blowing, having nothing

nothing left but batchelors fare bread and cheeſe and kiſſes for his Sunday dinner.

Mr. de Vergy being aſked by lady C——, why in his laſt novel, he had made *virtue* triumph over *love*, and not *love* over *virtue*; replied, he had not written that work for the *court*, but for the *city*.

When the *Lovers* appeared, lord B—— being told that the counteſs of P——y inveighed bitterly againſt the author, for having made her a w——; ſaid, ſhe ſhould rather thanked him for having made her a *ſenſible woman*, as all knew her under the *former* character, none under the *latter*.

Sue for a divorce, ſaid a friend to ſir Charles B——. I have read the *Lovers*, replied ſir Charles with a ſigh, I cannot hate my wife.

A Methodiſt Sermon, *from* George Alexander Stevens' *Lecture on Heads*.

Brethren! Brethren! Bretbren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, becauſe we all *breathe there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment caſes of your conſciences, and whip the *devil* about

about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you.—Even as the cat upon the top of the houſe doth *ſquall*; even ſo from the top of my voice will I *bawl*, and the organ pipes of my lungs ſhall play a voluntary among ye; *and the ſweet words that I ſhall utter*—and the *ſweet words* that I ſhall utter; ſhall ſugarcandy over your ſouls, and make *carraway comfits* of your conſciences.—Do you know how many taylors make a man?---Why nine---Nine taylors make a man.---And how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and a 'prentice.---Even ſo have you all been bound 'prentice to *Miſs Fortune* the *faſhion maker*; and now you are out of your times you have ſet up for yourſelves.---My *great bowels*, and my *ſm---all guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compaſſion, and the bellyach of pity.———*Give me a dram!*---Give me a dram---Do give me a dram---A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean;---which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter-milk*, and therewith made a *ſinful ſtir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;---and *Abomination*---is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.---Have you carried your conſciences to the ſcourers? Have you bought any fullers earth at my ſhop to take the ſtains out?---You ſay, Yes, you have, you have, you have:---But I ſay, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!---I am no *velvet-mouth* preacher; I ſcorn your lawn ſleeves———You are full of filth: ye

muſt

muſt be parboil'd; yea, ye muſt be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable ſoup, for the ſaints to ſup a ladleful of: and then the *ſcum*, and the *ſcaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen ſtuff* of your conſciences, that ſerve to greaſe the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*, and the *Devil's gap*.---The *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields.---And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*: the *players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.---The *play-houſe* is Satan's ground, where women ſtretch themſelves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation.---*Tragedy* is the *blank verſe* of *Beelzebub*;---*Comedy* is his *haſty pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the Devil's *country dance*.———And yet, you'll pay the players for ſeeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me: no, no; till Belzebub's bum-bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garniſh: but I won't. No; you ſhall lay on the common ſide of the world; like a toad-in-a-hole, that is bak'd for the Devil's dinner.——Do put ſome money in the plate———Put ſome money in the plate; and then all your iniquities ſhall be ſcalded away; even as they ſcald the briſtles off the hog's back: and you ſhall be cleanſed from all your ſins, as eaſily as the barber ſhaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do put ſome money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching ſcours the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cock's ſhop to feed the trade.

The Character of a profound Politian, *deſcribed.*

From the ſame.

SIR *Full Fed Domine-Double-Chin, citizen, turtle,* and *veniſon* eater, was one of the common-council of Farringdon *within*; he was a very good ſort of a man; he was half-brother to an alderman, and had been deputy of his own ward: his time was taken up in the affairs of the ſtate, and the affairs of the *kitchen.* He loved *politics*, and he loved *veniſon.*

He thought a cook was a great genus, the greateſt genus in all the the world, except a news writer: he conſtantly read every *political pamphlet* that was publiſhed, and on both ſides of the queſtion, and always framed *his* opinion according to the writer he read laſt, and according to the humour he happened to be in. He would take his cap and his pipe, and a glaſs of the righteous (as he called it) and he would be for ſetting the world to rights on an hurry. "Ay, Ay, neighbour Coſtive, all for their own ends now a-days, none loves their own poor country, ſince Queen Sameramus, and ſhe

ſhe invented *Solomon Gundy*, and that's the beſt eating in all the werſal world. If I was at the head of affairs, things ſhould not be as they are now; that's all; they ſhould not indeed. I wou'd ſhew them another way of a manner of going to work: now I'll ſhew you my plan of operations: do you mind me now, mark what I ſay: ſuppoſe then them two or three bits of tobacco aſhes to be the main *land continent.*—*Ve—ry well, Ve—ry well:* And ſuppoſe now, neighbour Spriggins, this little drop of punch (well come, here's the king; God bleſs him!) ſuppoſe this little drop of punch to be the main *ſea* ocean. *Very well, Very well*: and ſuppoſe theſe three or four bits of cork to be all our great men of *war*. *Very well.* But what ſhall I do now for your fortified places? Oh! here I have it; he—re I have it! Here's your *Havannahs*, and your *Pondicheries*, and your *Tilbury Ports*, and your *Tower-ditches*, and all your damn'd ſtrong places: there's a plan of operations for ye now: A——h! Well, and then our army all ſhould wear a *new uniform*; all our *horſe infantry*, d'ye mind me, ſhould wear *air-jackets*; and all *foot cavalry* ſhould wear *cork waiſtcoats*; and then, ye know, why they'd be all over the ſea before you could ſay *Jack Robinſon.* Well, and where do you think I'd land them? You don't know; no, you don't know; how the devil ſhould *you* know? You don't underſtand *gometry.* Why, I'll tell you where I'd land them; I would land them *under* the *line*, *cloſe* by

by the *South Pole*; th--ere I'd land them: and then I'd ambuſcade all the Spaniard's back ſettlements; and take from them all their (—— Pſhaw——) You know what I mean well enough: all their—all them damn'd hard names mentioned in the news papers) all the *Mexico's*, and their *Pee-ru's*, and their *Dimont Iſlands*; and then I'd come with a *circumvendibus* on the Dutch, in flat-bottom'd boats; becauſe, ye know, that is a flat-bottom'd country) *open* the *ſluices*—let in the water—*drown* all the poor *Dutch*, and then we ſhould have *turtles*, and the *Spice Iſlands* for *nothing*; and there'd be brave living in Old England."

While our politician was thus going on in his plan, cenſuring *men* and *meaſures* he knew *nothing* about; it happening at the time when *our army* lay incamp'd on *one* ſide of the river, and the French on the *other*; an officer in company, with his ſtick, gave our Politician a rap on the knuckles: What's that for? h—y? Only, Sir, replied the officer cooly, to inform you, that that commander who croſſes a river to attack an enemy in front, may chance to get a rap on the knuckles: that's all.

The wiſe Iriſhman *and his ſallad oil.*

Patrick O'Blunder, a very ſenſible and cute Iriſhman, as my reader will find, came over from the county of Kilkenney to England, in order to get him a ſervice; and in a few days had the good fortune to be hired to Sir Jeremy

my Trueland near Cheſter, who the next week after ſet out with his family for London, and when they came to town the firſt day, dinner was ready dreſſed according to Sir Jeremy's order, by a letter to a ſervant who was left in the houſe to take care of it; and amonſt other things, a fine ſallad was prepared to eat with a piece of roaſt beef; but when Sir Jeremy went to dreſs it, as he generally did himſelf, there happened to be no oil in the houſe, and the reſt of the ſervants being all buſy, he called his new Iriſh footman to go fetch him ſome; here, ſays he, Patrick, you muſt go to ſome ſhop and get me a quart of eating oil, any body will tell you where you may have it: ſo away goes Patrick and runs full drive into the firſt ſhop he could ſee, which happened to be a baker's, I want, ſays he, a quart of eating oil for my maſter; I do not ſell oil quoth the man; Arah, replied Patrick, but then you can tell me where they do; yes, ſays the baker, I can do that, and going to the door, ſays he, here friend do you ſee yonder is a jar; well a jar, and what is jar, quoth Patrick; why quoth the baker, do you ſee that great brown thing up a poſt, that is a jar, and it is an oil-ſhop, there you may have any ſort of oil you want, ſo away goes Patrick, and runs ſtaring into the oil-ſhop, as he had done before into the bakers; Arah ſir, ſays he to the oilman, are you are jar; a jar, quoth the man; no I am no jar, but there is a jar at the door, I ſuppoſe that is what you mean, what might you

want

want pray? Why, ſays Patrick, I want a quart of eating oil for my maſter, and I was ſhent here for it; that you may have ſir, replies the man, but what have you got to put it in; Arah fait nothing at all, quoth teague, but you may put it in a piece of paper; paper, cries the oilman in a ſurpriſe, you cannot carry it in paper, why it is a liquid; Arah well, replies teague, and what is that to you what it is, cannot you put it in a piece of paper as I deſire you; why, ſays the man to him again, I tell you you cannot carry it in a piece of paper, it will not hold it (here he ſhewed ſome of it to Patrick to convince him) look you here, ſays he, you cannot carry this in paper I believe, can you do you think; fait ſays teague dat iſh very true, but I can carry it in my hat tho'; O, your hat, ſays the oilman, ay, that is true, ſo you may if you pleaſe; fait and ſho I will cruſh down de crown, and carry it wid my hat; ay, do ſo, ſays the man, for he was willing to ſee the joke, and ſo down Patrick thruſts the crown of his hat, and into it the man pours the oil; but when this was done, the conveniency he had made would not hold above the half it;—well, quoth the oilman, where now will you put the reſt? Here Patrick, after a little pauſe, finding his fingers in a cavity in the other ſide his hat, turns it upſide down in an inſtant, O fait, ſays he, put it in here; ſo in the man pours it directly, though ready to burſt with laughing, and Patrick puts his hat with one corner under his left

left arm, very well pleaſed with his contrivance, paid the man for his oil, and away he marches home as faſt as he could, with the oil running down from the out-ſide of his hat upon his cloaths to the very ſhoes of him; juſt as he came to the door, his maſter (being at the parlour window, and ſeeing what a condition he was in with the oil and his hat, as I have deſcribed it, under his arm) run to the door in a great paſſion to meet him, and to prevent his coming into the parlour with it, you raſcal, ſays he, how came you in that pickle? What have you in your hat? O fait, Sir, ſays Patrick, but it is de oil that you ſent me for; Teague ſpeaking this ſo ſeriouſly, and ſo ſeemingly compoſed, it made his maſter ready to burſt out with laughter, though he was provoked at his ignorance to the greateſt degree; why you blockhead, ſays he, for he now conceived Teague's contrivance) I bid you bring me a quart of oil, I am ſure there cannot be a quart in your hat, what have you done with the reſt? Arrah, fait, Sir, replies Patrick, but I have got the reſt o' the other ſide now; ſo turning his hat up-ſide-down again (in the manner he had done before) ſpilt all the reſt upon him, which unexpected turn of ingenuity, procured from his maſter, not only an immoderate fit of laughing, but alſo an abſolute pardon for ſpoiling his cloaths.

SONGS.

THE BRITISH MUSE;

CONTAINING

A choice Collection of New Songs, Tales, Epigrams, Fables, Epiſtles, &c, &c.

WARWICKSHIRE. *By Mr. G———.*

YE Warwickſhire lads, and ye laſſes,
See what at our jubilee paſſes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad,
Warwickſhire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty,
Where much ſhe has given, and ſome to be ſpar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard,
Warwickſhire bard,
Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard.

Each ſhire has its different pleaſures,
Each ſhire has its different treaſures;
But to rare Warwickſhire they all muſt ſubmit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickſhire wit,
Warwichſhire wit,
How he writ!
For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickſhire wit.

Old

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in,
Of famous Will Congreve, we boaſt too the ſkill,
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickſhire Will,
Warwickſhire Will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickſhire Will.

Our Shakeſpear compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their ſwans are all geeſe, to the Avon's ſweet ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickſhire man,
Warwickſhire man,
Avon's ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickſhire man.

As ven'ſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it he took great delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickſhire wag,
Warwickſhire wag,
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickſhire wag.

There never was ſeen ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth, he robb'd nature;

He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves, was a Warwick-ſhire thief,
Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwick-ſhire thief.

SWEET * WILLY O. *By Mr.* G——.

THE pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O,
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to ſweet Willy O.

He ſung it ſo rarely did ſweet Willy O,
He melted each maid,
So ſkillful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet Willy O.

All Nature obey'd him, this ſweet Willy O,
Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung follow'd ſweet Willy O.

He wou'd be a † ſoldier this ſweet Willy O,
When arm'd in the field,
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willy O.

* *Shakeſpear.* † *Writer of Tragedy.*

He

He charm'd 'em when living, the ſweet Willy O
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas Nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in her ſweet Willy O.

ROUNDELAY.

For the Jubilee, in honour of Shakeſpear.

By Mr. J——.

SISTERS of the the tuneful ſtrain!
Attend your parent's jocund train,
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakeſpear's buſt
Points out, and guards his ſleeping duſt,
The ſons of ſcenic-mirth decree
To celebrate this jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band,
Haſte to their poet's native land,
With rites of ſportive revelry,
To celebrate this jubilee.

Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and ſprightly ſtring,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial ſprite and fairy crew,
And the ſiſter-graces three,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Hang

Hang around the ſculptur'd tomb
The broider'd veſt, the nodding plume,
And the maſk of comic glee,
To celebrate our jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Boſworth's field,
Bring the ſtandard, bring the ſhield,
With drums, and martial ſymphony,
To celebrate our jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Deſdemona's hapleſs fate,
With frantic deeds of jealouſy,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Nor be Windſor's wives forgot,
With their harmleſs, merry plot,
The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Now in jocund ſtrains recite,
The revels of the braggar'd Knight,
Fat Knight! and ancient Piſtol he!
To celebrate our jubilee.

But ſee, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the ſplendid ſcene repair,
A ſcene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Roſalind,
Each ſhepherd true, and damſel kind,
For well with ours, their ſports agree,
To crown the feſtive jubilee.

Chorus

Chorus from the Church.

THIS is the day, a holliday! a holliday!
Drive ſpleen and rancour far away.
This is the day, a holliday! a holliday!
Drive care and ſorrow far away.

Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,
From whom all care and ſorrow fly,
Whoſe harp the Muſes ſtrung;
From heart to heart, let joy rebound,
Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,
Here Shakeſpear walk'd and ſung!

A CATCH. By *Mr.* B———.

NYM, Piſtol, and Bardolph, with merry old Jack,
One morning made ſport for their pupil prince Harry;
When Falſtaff cry'd out for a bumper of ſack,
To Quickly, his hoſteſs, and bid her not tarry;
Ah! ah! cry'd the prince, honeſt boy is it ſo!
The wheels of your wit muſt be oil'd as they go.

A GLEE. *By Dr.* M———.

COME, nymphs and fawns, where'er ye be,
To this your father's jubilee,
With a tivy, tivy, tivy-tivie, ti.

Come elves, and fairies, in a row,
And if you ever ſung, ſing now,
With a row-dow, row tidow, dow,
Ev'n Caliban, tho' void of art,
With growling baſs, ſhall bear a part,
With a Ban, Ban, Cacaliban.

SHAKESPEAR'S MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung with a Cup in his Hand made of the Tree.

By Mr. G———.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpear, was planted by thee;
As a relick I kiſs it, and bow at the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry,
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round their branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here
To root out the natives, at prices ſo dear,
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt;
But of fir we make ſhips, we have thouſands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakeſpear can write.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakeſpear all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch,
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpear we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the laurel and vine.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakeſpear out-ſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Fill fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield to the mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Bleſt mulberry,
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

EPITAPH.

St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London.

HERE lies one *More*, and no more than he,
One More, and *no more*, how can that be,
Why one *More* and no *more* may well lie here alone,
But here lies *one More*, that's *more* than one.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

Selby Church-yard, Yorkſhire.

HERE lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Pariſh clerk, and grave ſtone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others uſed to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

ANOTHER.

HERE old John Randall lies, who telling of his tale,
Liv'd three ſcore years and ten, ſuch virtue was in *ale*,
Ale was his meat, *ale* was his drink, *ale* did his heart revive,
And if he could have drank his *ale*, he ſtill had been alive.

ANOTHER.

On the grave of Shakeſpear *at Stratford upon Avon.*

GOOD friend for Jeſus' ſake forbear,
To dig the duſt incloſed here,
Bleſt be the man who ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

The Queſtion anſwered. A TALE.

TELL me, friend John, do, if you can,
What is the reaſon, if a man
Attempts to take a lady fair
By you know what, lyes you know where,
That, while he lives, he ſtill ſhall find
The female, be ſhe croſs or kind,
Fret, frown, and puſh his hand away?
Tell me the reaſon, tell me pray.
Thoughtful and ſage John ſat a while,
Then anſwer'd Thomas with a ſmile:
Thomas, a caſe you never put,
But it begins or ends in ſmut;
None but the wicked can applaud ye,
Since all your thoughts ſtill run on bawdy:
But yet, for once, my friend, I'll try,
If I your doubts can ſatisfy.
Women make ſtill a great pretence
To modeſty and innocence,
And about virtue make a rout;
This the reaſon, without doubt.
Ah, friend! ſaid Thomas, with concern,
I ſee you are but ſtill to learn;
Your underſtanding's good for naught,
And you are better fed than taught.
Virtue and modeſty's a ſtory
As little thought on as John Dorry.
Liſten, you ſhall the reaſon know;
Whene'er you thruſt your hand below,
All women, be they black or fair,
Know that a hand is uſeleſs there;

But

But if from May-day to December,
You offer there the proper member,
Puſh as you will to give them pain,
They'll neither wince, nor yet complain.

Old Reeky. A TALE.

IN Edinburgh, fam'd for oyſters and drink,
For noiſe in the morning, in th' ev'ning for ſtink,
I hear, for, thank heav'n, I never was there,
A dozen of families live in one ſtair;
By this means the ſtairs are crowded all day,
And ladies and coal-bearers oft in your way;
So ſometimes your ſhins, and ſometimes your heart,
As providence orders, may happen to ſmart.
But, when night comes on, your danger grows great,
The ſtairs are all winding, they're ſteep, and they're ſtrait;
And, if you are raſh, and not circumſpect,
Each ſtep that you take you venture your neck:
No lantern, no lamp, nor one kind of light,
Is us'd in that city to guide you aright.
A comical fellow, who lately was there,
Declar'd, that, one ev'ning in climbing a ſtair,
His hand held before him, as ſtill he was wont,
Went plump to the knuckles in a lady's ——:
The inſide was hot, and the outſide was furr'd,
But yet its dumb owner ſpoke never a word,

But

But kick'd like a devil. At laſt ſhe cry'd out,
You fumbling blockhead, what are you about?
By G—d, ſaid the fellow, who laugh'd at the joke,
I'm glad that your ladyſhip ſilence has broke;
Since you are a woman, I'll give you a f—king,
But I thought you a cow, by your —— and your kicking.

Small Print. A TALE.

I Knew a judge, alas the day!
Death took the honeſt man away;
He was my true, my ſteady friend,
And ſo continued to the end.
Tho' old, he had a deal of wit,
Whole days we would together ſit,
Together ſup, together dine,
Sometimes drink arrac, ſometimes wine.
Pen, ink, and paper, ſtill were by,
For oft we did the rhyming try;
Our lines were from illnature free,
Which made us never diſagree.
One day, when weary'd on the bench,
He to a tavern went to quench
His raging thirſt; I met him there,
And, while they did the bowl prepare,
I from my pocket gravely drew
A poem was entirely new.
On this he took his glaſſes out,
And ſtraightway clap'd them croſs his ſnout,
But thought it would not be amiſs,
Ere he began, to go to p—.

The

The careleſs waiter had forgot
To ſet down a clean chamber pot,
So to the door the honeſt judge
Did, without once complaining, trudge;
But thoughtleſs (as I ſuppoſe)
Still kept the glaſſes on his noſe.
While thus employ'd, a maid came by,
Who did his dwarfiſh member ſpy;
And much offended with the ſight,
Cry'd out, Your honour's in the right,
With ſpectacles perhaps you'll ſee
What otherwiſe would hidden be:
For me, I vow to God, I'd ſquint,
If I were put to read ſuch print.

The Dying Toaſt. A TALE.

A Charming toaſt, upon a time,
Seiz'd with a deep decay,
Whoſe beauty wither'd in her prime,
Upon her death-bed lay.

Two virtuous virgins, fair and young,
Sat ſilent by the maid;
At laſt the eldeſt found her tongue,
And to the other ſaid:

Believe me child, I tell you truth,
You know I never lied,
Of all the p——ks that, from my youth,
I to this day have tried,

Our parſon's is by far the beſt,
'Tis full ten inches long;
It upwards to his belly preſs'd,
'Tis ſtiff, 'tis hard, 'tis ſtrong.

The very thought on't gives delight,
Altho' it be but thin,
Yet, when he lay with me laſt night,
Nine times he thruſt it in.

'Twas thus the eldeſt ſiſter ſpoke,
And thus the young reply'd:
Your long and thin are but a joke,
Such bawbles I have try'd:

Our curate's is by far more ſtrong,
'Tis he alone can charm;
For, tho' it is not quite ſo long,
'Tis twice as great's my arm.

Laſt night he to my bed did creep,
Altho' diſguis'd with drink,
Yet eight times, ere he went to ſleep,
He fill'd up ev'ry chink.

The curate ſhall be welcome ſtill,
He cures my ſoul of grief;
He nobly doth my pulpit fill,
And gives my heart relief.

The charming curate is my choice,
Do you the parſon keep.
At laſt their diſpute made a noiſe,
That broke the fair one's ſleep.

With

With joy the chaſte debate ſhe heard,
And, turning on her breech,
Her head above the clothes ſhe rear'd,
And made this dying ſpeech:

Dear friends, were I to chuſe a p——,
Cry'd out the the gaſping toaſt,
I'd have it long—I'd have it thick—
And then gave up the ghoſt.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS John Wilkes to a lady, pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handſomeſt man;
The lady replied, if you'd have me ſpeak true,
He's the handſomeſt man that's the moſt unlike you.

Pinn'd to a ſheet, in which a Woman *ſtood to do* Pennance *in the Church.*

HERE ſtand I, for whores as great
To caſt a ſcornfull eye on;
Should each whore here be deem'd a ſheet,
You'd ſoon have none to lie on.

On a Window *in a* Coffee-houſe.

IF kiſſes were the only joys in bed,
The women would with one another wed.

EPITAPH.

On the late Lady Vare.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wiſe St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd,
Nor ſtop'd ſhe here, but followed thro' the reſt,
And always ſtuck to the *largeſt* as the *beſt*.

SONG.

AS Polly lay within my arms,
Her boſom half reveal'd,
I ſtrove to view thoſe hidden charms
Her modeſty conceal'd.

Forbear ſhe cry'd, not quite ſo free,
Your rudeneſs I deteſt,
Content yourſelf with what you ſee,
Let fancy paint the reſt.

My love, ſaid I, no charms are there,
For fancy left t'explore,
I've pictured all that's heavenly fair,
And what can mortals more.

Again I caught her in my arms,
Her eagerly careſs'd,
While I, inſpir'd by Polly's charms,
Faſt held her to my breaſt.

Since fancy then can't further go,
Let *real* bliſs ſucceed,
Indulge my ardent wiſh to know,
The joys of love indeed.

EPITAPH.

On Mary Fletcher.

UNderneath this ſtone lies one,
Whom many times, I've lain upon,
I've kiſs'd her *ſitting*, *ſtanding*, *lying*,
When ſhe riſes again have at her *flying*.

EPIGRAM.

On the choice of a Wife.

YOU aſk me, dear friend, what laſs I'd enjoy,
I would have one that's neither too common nor coy;
A medium is beſt that gives us no pain,
By too much indulgence, or too much diſdain.

ANOTHER.

YOU ſay you nothing owe, and ſo I ſay,
He only owes who ſomething hath to pay.

ANOTHER.

WHEN twenty pounds I'd borrow of a friend,
One who might give me more as well as lend,
Bleſt in his fortune, my companion old,
Whoſe coffers, and whoſe purſe ſtrings crack with gold;
"Turn lawyer, and you'll ſoon grow rich," he cries.
"Give what I aſk my friend,—'tis not advice."

ANOTHER.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread bare gown,
Thread bare indeed it is,——but 'tis my own.

ANOTHER.

On a vain trifling Fellow *making* Preſents.

YOU give ſo many girls a ring,
That you yourſelf have no ſuch thing.

ANOTHER.

On Sir Robert Barnard.

BOB's name was Booby, now 'tis Bou-ou-bee,
His wife would not plain Booby be, not ſhe,

If

If we doubt which is right, and which is wrong,
I ſhall not know if Bob is Bob ere long,
I think that Booby is his real name,
If I miſtake, is Bob or I to blame?

* * * * * *

CONUNDRUMS.

1 WHO was the firſt that bore arms?
Adam.

2 What is that which God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a ſoul to be ſaved?
A cuckold.

3 Why are men like timber?
Becauſe they often prop a gate.

4 Why is a gun like a woman?
Becauſe there's an apron over the touch hole.

5 Why is a lady on her wedding day like a man in an error?
Becauſe ſhe is miſtaken.

6 Why is marriage like a curtain?
Becauſe it ſerves for a blind.

7 Why is a publican like a muſician?
Becauſe his works are in ſcore.

8 Why is Britain like a child?
Becauſe every rattle amuſes and diverts it.

9 Why

9 Why is a kept miſtreſs like a rudder?
Becauſe ſhe has her rake.

10 Why are Rocheſter's works like a chimney ſweeper?
Becauſe they are ſmutty.

11 Why are the beaux both light and heavy?
Becauſe they are feathers and lead.

12 Why are the young girls like an old ſhip?
Becauſe they want breaking up.

13 Why are brave men like ſweet-meats?
Becauſe they can-dy.

14 Which is the wonderful plant?
That which grows in the hand.

15 Why are forward girls like a lucky merchant?
Becauſe their commodities have an early vent.

16 Why is lady L———r eaſily penetrated?
Becauſe ſhe is too open.

17 Where ſhould a lady clap her hands if a man ſhould enter the room when ſhe's quite naked?
On the man's eyes.

18 Which is the beſt, a ſhoulder of mutton or heaven?
A ſhoulder of mutton, for nothing is better than heaven, and a ſhoulder of mutton is better than nothing.

19 Which is comparatively beſt, a cup of purl or a mutton chop?
A mutton chop, becauſe a cup of purl is but a ſup, and a mutton chop is a ſup-per; or, a cup of purl, becauſe a mutton chop is but a bit, and a cup of purl is bit-ter.

20 Why

20 Why is lady G——r like a ſerjeant at arms?
Becauſe ſhe takes unruly members into cuſtody.

21 What does a woman delight to ſee?
A yard at her fore door.

22 Why is a boy on Shrove Tueſday like a pretty girl?
Becauſe he no ſooner ſets up a cock, but he knocks him down.

23 Why are grey hairs ſuch a prejudice to the ladies?
Becauſe when it ſnows on the hills, it is generally bitter cold in the vallies.

24 When is a girls moſt taking motion?
When ſhe is pricked forward.

25 What is that God never ſees, kings ſeldom ſee, but you reader often ſee it?
An equal.

26 Why is a prime miniſter like a May-pole?
Becauſe it is a high poſt.

27 Why is ſwearing like an old coat?
Becauſe 'tis a bad habit.

28 Why is a grave digger like a waterman?
Becauſe he handles ſculls.

29 Why is the ſecond horſe in a race like the main maſt of a ſhip?
Becauſe he is next the fore-maſt.

30 Why is a barrel of beer almoſt drawn out like a country waggon?
Becauſe it is tilted.

31 Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack?
Becauſe he ſerves but a year.

32 Why

X Grosvenor

32 Why is thy wig reader like a butcher's ſhop?
Becauſe there's a calves head in it.
33 Why is a man fiſhing like a pair of breeches?
Becauſe he has a line-in.
34 Why is a ſilly fellow like a feather-bed?
Becauſe he is ſoft.
35 Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?
Becauſe he wants mending.
36 Why is a good ſermon like a plumb pudding?
Becauſe there's reaſons in it.
37 Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
Becauſe it has a Cork in it.
38 Why is a taylor like a ſprout?
Becauſe he will cabbage.
39 Why is the moon like a weather cock?
Becauſe it often changes.
40 Why is a good play like a ring of bells?
Becauſe it has clappers.
41 Why is a firſt floor like a lie?
Becauſe it is a ſtory raiſed.
42 Why is a good cook like a woman of faſhion.
Becauſe ſhe dreſſes well.
43 Why is a falſe note like a bar of iron?
Becauſe it is forged.
44 Why is a bunch of keys like a head of hair?
Becauſe it has locks belonging to it.
45 Why is a nobleman like a book?
Becauſe he has a title.

46 Why

46 Why are moſt poets like a ſhip juſt launched?
Becauſe they want rigging.
47 Why is an impudent fellow like a great trader?
Becauſe he has a great ſtock.
48 Why is a fat man like a Corniſh borough?
Becauſe he ſeldom ſees his member.
49 Why is the Sun fire-office like an impudent fellow?
Becauſe it deals in aſſurance.
50 Why is a pretty lady like an oat cake?
Becauſe ſhe is often toaſted.
51 Why are women like the deepeſt part of the ſea?
Becauſe they are not eaſily fathomed.
52 Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?
Becauſe he often puts in his oar.
53 When has a gooſe the moſt feathers on her?
When the gender is upon her.
54 Why is a full-dreſt lady like a hogſhead?
Becauſe ſhe's in a hoop.
55 Why is a woman's face like a mountebank?
Becauſe it is often in a mob.
56 Why is a man in a paſſion like a lady's ſmock?
Becauſe he is ruffled.
57 Why is a dead man proud?
Becauſe he is ſtiff.
58 Why is a pack of rakes like a pack of bad hounds?
Becauſe they are ſad dogs.

59 Why is a whore like a comet?
Becauſe ſhe has a fiery tail.
60 Why is a woman with child like a gentleman?
Becauſe ſhe ſhews her breeding.
61 Why are ſoldiers like ſome doors?
Becauſe they are liſted.
62 Why are ſweathearts like the ſea?
Becauſe they wave.
63 Why is a ſaddle like a mule?
Becauſe it is between a horſe and an aſs.
64 Why is a peeviſh man like a watch?
Becauſe he is often wound up.
65 Why is a pariſh bell like a good ſtory?
Becauſe its often toll'd.
66 Why is Wales like a neck of mutton?
Becauſe it is craggy.
67 Why is a little man like a good book?
Becauſe he is often look'd over.
68 Why is a ſparrow like a man with one leg?
Becauſe it hops.
69 Why are the K—g's ſervants like a lap dog?
Becauſe they are ſeldom paid.
70 Why was Cain like a good ringer?
Becauſe he maſter'd A-bel.
71 Why is a madman like two men?
Becauſe he is a man beſide himſelf.
72 Why is the gallows the laſt refuge of a condemn'd man?
Becauſe he has nothing elſe to depend upon.
73 Why is a malefactor like the root of a tongue?
Becauſe he is down in the mouth.

74 Why

74 Why is tavern like a table?
Becauſe it has drawers in it.
75 Why is lock like an hoſpital?
Becauſe it is full of wards.
76 Why is claret like an oath?
Becauſe it binds.
77 Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading ſtrings?
Becauſe he is miſs-led.
78 Why is a condemn'd malefactor like a cannon?
Becauſe he is caſt.
79 Why is a difficulty overcome like a knight on horſe back.
Becauſe he is ſir-mounted.
80 Why is a looking glaſs like a philoſopher?
Becauſe it reflects,
81 What is a man like that is in the midſt of a great river, and can't ſwim?
Like to be drowned.
82 Why is a ſhittiſh young horſe like a coy girl?
Becauſe he is loath to be mounted.
83 Why is a brewer's horſe like a tapſter?
Becauſe he draws drink.
84 Why is a hackney horſe like ſcarlet?
Becauſe he is hi-red.
85 Why is Richmond like the letter R?
Becauſe 'tis beyond Kew.
86 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
Becauſe its out of the head.
87 What is a man like in the midſt of a deſart without meat or drink?
Like to be ſtarved.

88 Why is the ſeeing of a ſign a manifeſt token of ſight?
Becauſe it is a ſign you ſee.
89 Why is a man that runs in debt like a watch?
Becauſe he goes a tick.
90 Why is a poor man like a ſempſtreſs?
Becauſe he makes ſhifts.
91 Why is a red hair'd lady like a band of ſoldiers?
Becauſe ſhe bears locks.
92 Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?
Becauſe it is in ſheets, ready to be ſtitched.
93 Why is a man in a ſhip like a kitchen dreſſer?
Becauſe he is a-board.
94 Why is a taylor like a ſink?
Becauſe he is a common ſewer.
95 Why are moſt pieces of villany like a candle?
Becauſe they are brought to light.
96 Why are illuminations like the lungs?
Becauſe they are lights.
97 Why is a book like a tree!
Becauſe it is full of leaves.
98 Why is a lady in her ſhift like the Hague?
Becauſe ſhe is in Holland.
99 Why is a boy that has been whipt like Grange's coffee-houſe?
Becauſe it is full of ſmarts.
100 Why is a man on horſe back like a fan?
Becauſe he is mounted.

101 Why

101 Why is a man's loſing his life for murder like a pond newly frozen?

Becauſe it is but juſt-ice.

103 Why is it impoſſible to raviſh ſome women?

Becauſe they are willing.

103 Why is a woman in bed like five pence three farthings?

Becauſe ſhe is under a teſter.

104 Why is the King of Perſia like Chriſtmas?

Becauſe he is an enemy to Turkey.

105 Why is a fort like a double entendre?

Becauſe taken in two ſenſes.

106 Why is the keeping a whore like a gun?

Becauſe ſhe is chargeable before ſhe fires.

107 Why is four ſhillings and eleven pence like a king at his coronation?

Becauſe it is under a crown.

108 Why is a leaky barrel like a coward?

Becauſe it runs.

109 Why is Scotch coal like a true lover?

Becauſe it burns with a pure flame.

110 Why is doctor R—k like a dramatic poet?

Becauſe he is the author of many tragedies.

111 Why are lawyers the beſt parſons?

Becauſe they bring moſt to repentance.

112 Why is a beggar like a biſhop?

Becauſe he gives us his bleſſing.

113 Who was the firſt man that bore arms?

Adam.

114 Why is the houſe of commons like an account book?

Becauſe there are many cyphers in it.

115 Why are whores like rogues?
Becauſe they are common.
116 Why is a bottle full of brandy like a haunted houſe?
Becauſe it is full of ſpirits.
117 Why is the King of France like a cloſe ſtool?
Becauſe thoſe that wait on him are all bare.
118 Why is a rope like a piſtol?
Becauſe it often brings men to their end.
119 Why is a ſcolding wife like the devil?
Becauſe ſhe torments.
120 Why is ſour beer like your great grandfather?
Becauſe it is dead.
121 Why is going into the country like learning to dance?
Becauſe it gives a good air.
122 Why is an actor like a liar?
Becauſe he ought to have a good memory.
123 Why is a man in debt like a nobleman?
Becauſe he has many to wait on him.
124 Why is Lord Sands like the deſarts of Arabia?
Becauſe he is Baron Sands.
125 Why is a wig like a blind beggar?
Becauſe it is cur-led.
126 Why is a fiſherman like a man who cuts his tradeſmen's bills off ſhort?
Becauſe he baits much.
127 Why are turnips like men and their wives?
Becauſe they are paired.
128 Why is an old ſhip like a vagabond?
Becauſe it ought to be put in the ſtocks.

129 Why

129 Why is a tennis court like a houſe full of ſcolds?
Becauſe there are many rackets in it.
130 Why is a watchman like a mill horſe?
Becauſe he goes his rounds.
131 Why is a fine woman like a diamond?
Becauſe ſhe is a jewel.
132 Why are wagers like eggs?
Becauſe they are laid.
133 Why is a teller at the bank like a collier?
Becauſe he handles the coal.
134 Why is a jailer like a muſician?
Becauſe he fingers the keys.
135 Why are women fitter for the ſtudy of aſtronomy than men?
Becauſe they lie more on their backs.
136 Why are whore-maſters ſaid to be like ferrets?
Becauſe they creep ſo much into cony holes.
*136 What kind of water is moſt deceitful?
Woman's tears.
137 By what meaſure do women like to trade?
The yard.
138 What creatures bear beſt?
Aſſes and women.
139 Why are women the weaker veſſels?
Becauſe they are the ſooneſt cracked.
140 What kind of jointers do women like beſt?
Body to body.
141 What kind of ſickneſs are moſt women ſubject to?
The falling.

142 What makes moſt women alike?
The dark.

143 Why do women ſpit when men talk bawdy?
Becauſe it makes their mouth water.

144 Why is a tea-kettle and lamp like a quaker?
Becauſe it is moved by the ſpirit.

145 Why is a bad fire like an old maid?
Becauſe it wants poking at the bottom.

146 Why is a ſaſh window like a woman in labour?
Becauſe it is full of pains.

147 Why is a beau like a buttock of beef?
Becauſe he is powdered.

148 Why is an apothecary like a woodcock?
Becauſe he has a long bill.

149 Why is a whore like an exciſeman's book?
Becauſe ſhe is often entered.

150 Why is an old man's wife like an hot bun?
Becauſe ſhe wants to be well butter'd.

151 Why is a troop of horſe like a dead man?
Becauſe it is a corps.

152 Why is an organ like the new river head?
Becauſe it is full of pipes.

153 Why are the Dutch like the devil?
Becauſe they are damned.

154 Why are ſome authors and bookſellers like ſailors?
Becauſe they commit piracy.

155 Why is a fine girl like a highwayman?
Becauſe ſhe makes a man ſtand.

156 Why

156 Why is a drunken man, and a dead man directly oppoſite?

Becauſe one carries his beer, and the other the bier carries him.

157 Why is a fat man like a Corniſh borough?

Becauſe he ſeldom ſees his member.

158 Why is a hackney coachman like a happy man?

Becauſe he has always his fare.

159 Why is a wicked man like my Lord Mayor's coach?

Becauſe he is all guilt.

160 Why is a thankful man like a good fire?

Becauſe he is grate-ful.

161 Why is the fire ſide the moſt learned place of the houſe?

Becauſe it's the place of the tongs.

162 Why can no man ſay his time is his own?

Becauſe 'tis hours.

163 Why is a cannon like a taylor?

Becauſe it makes breaches.

164 Why is the court on a birth-night like two women ſcolding?

Becauſe there is a great ball.

165 Why is the hiſtory of England like a wet winter?

Becauſe it is full of reigns.

166 Why is a ſilly fellow like a fleece of wool?

Becauſe he is ſoft.

167 Why is country juſtice like a change broker?

Becauſe he deals in ſtocks.

168 Why

168 Why are weak eyes like meat nicely dreſt?
Becauſe they are full of gravy.
169 Why are the good people of England like bottled beer in ſummer?
Becauſe they are apt to be upon the fret.
170 Why is a good coach horſe like a good painter?
Becauſe he draws well.
171 What is the beſt trade for men to learn?
To learn to die well.
172 What trade is the moſt common in London?
Shift makers or the old trade of baſket-making.
173 Why is a taylor like a lawyer?
Becauſe he deals in ſuits.
174 Why is a man who improves his eſtate like an old coat?
Becauſe his rents increaſe.
175 Why is a drunken man like a pack-horſe?
Becauſe he has got his load.
176 Why is White's chocolate houſe like Hercules?
Becauſe it has a great club.
177 Why is ſmoke of tobacco like wine?
Becauſe it comes out of a pipe.
178 Why is the court like a pack of cards?
Becauſe there are knaves in it.
179 Why is a pair of breeches like three feet of cloth?
Becauſe they contain a yard.
180 Why is Garrick manly enough?
Becauſe he does not act a-miſs.

181 Why

181 Why are thieves impertinent?
Becauſe they meddle with that which does not concern them.
182 Why are the ſtocks like a paper kite?
Becauſe they are raiſed, lower'd, or kept up by wind.
183 Why is a ſordid king like a papiſt?
Becauſe he inclines to maſs.
184 Why are fiſh like gameſters?
Becauſe they feed upon one another.
185 Why is a hat like a beau?
Becauſe it is dreſt.
186 Why would cooks make good bowlers?
Becauſe they are neareſt the jack.
187 Why is the world like a Cheſhire cheeſe?
Becauſe it is round.
188 Why is a hungry man like a razor?
Becauſe he is ſharp ſet.
189 Why is a painter an emblem of deceit?
Becauſe he flatters.
190 Why is a ſharper like a pack of cards?
Becauſe he ſhuffles.

POETRY.

SAYS Sir John to my lady, as together they ſat,
My dear ſhall we ſup firſt, or do, you know what?
With an innocent ſmile, replied the good lady,
Sir John, what you pleaſe—but ſupper's not ready.

On

On a Maid meeting with a misfortune in Green-wich Park.

WHilſt Sylvia, dreſs'd in *Sunday*'s cloaths,
Attracts the eyes of Greenwich beaux,
Within the Park's delightful grove,
Which oft has been the ſcene of love:
Beneath her coats, a gaudy thing
Flutter'd a while, then fix'd a ſting;
The nymph complained ſhe was not well,
And quickly found the parts to ſwell.
Yet this is but of little moment,
The danger lay in what might come on't;
From prudes, who tell it thro' the town,
And add much fiction of their own:
From hence without the leaſt occaſion,
The fair may loſe her reputation;
I, therefore, anxious of her fame,
Will tell the truth, theſe fiends to ſhame,
Who make ſuch pother with a jeſt,
A ſilly waſp miſtook her neſt.

Miſs frighted, and her Mother's revenge.

A Prude, who in the city dwelt,
But one who oft in ſecret felt
The ſtrongeſt inclination;
Tho', if 'tis true what ſtory ſays,
She uſed variety of ways,
To gratify that paſſion.

But

But for all that, ſhe'd rail at whores,
Call 'em the worſt of evil doers,
Which nature e'er gave birth;
Say, to be ſtrip'd and whipt the ought,
And crucified, and ſuffered not
To live upon the earth.

To godlineſs her greateſt bent,
To meeting conſtantly ſhe went,
In ſo devout a ſtation;
Prodigious numbers ſhe would quote
Of texts 'gainſt ſin ſhe'd got by rote,
But chiefly fornication.

One child ſhe had, as I've been told,
A girl of ſix or ſeven years old,
Which ſhe had taught its part,
Dod's ſayings, godly and wiſe,
The whole aſſembly's catechiſe,
She'd learned all by heart.

Thomas the footman was at piſs,
One day, by chance, as little miſs
Was ſtanding near the wight;
The child was looking earneſtly,
And ſtedfaſtly ſhe fix'd her eye,
As pleaſed with ſuch a ſight.

Suſan, the chambermaid, paſs'd by,
A tempting girl, but very ſhy,
And one whom Thomas woo'd;
What in his hand before ſeem'd dead,
Perk'd up immediately its head,
And ſwelled at her, ſtood.

Miſs frighted quite out of her wits,
Run to mamma, and fell in fits,
Lord, what a rout was made!
Her mother ſhriek'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſqual'd,
Each ſervant in the houſe was call'd,
But Thomas hid his head.

The ſalts and hartſhorn drops were brought,
And every thing that could be thought,
To do her any good:
They wipe the ſweet from off her face,
And give her air, and cut her lace,
Some call'd to let her blood.

When all this mighty buſtle paſs'd,
They brought her to herſelf at laſt,
Thus ended all this wherrit:
Mamma gave her a glaſs of water,
And aſk'd her, what had been the matter?
She ſaid, ſhe'd ſeen a ſpirit!

Says ſhe, mamma, as I did ſtand,
Thomas had ſomething in his hand,
No bigger than a mouſe;
But as I ſtood intently peeping,
That which before to me ſeem'd ſleeping,
Began at once to rouſe.

He grew from being mighty thin,
As big as Mary's rowling pin,
So large I'm ſure it grew!
It came, when firſt I ſaw it there,
Out of a leathern bag of hair,
Indeed, mamma, 'tis true.

The mother flew into a rage,
Which nothing hardly could aſſwage,
Says ſhe, this ſhall not paſs;
Call here the booby, I will ſee,
Which ſhall be maſter, I or he,
I will ſee what it was.

They run and open every door,
And ſearch the rooms on every floor,
They look in all the holes;
With ſearching long, at laſt they found
The poor offender under ground,
Lain hid among the coals.

They lugg'd and tugg'd him thence away,
Into the room where madam lay,
When gotten there, ſays ſhe,
Now all the reſt away begone,
And leave the villain here alone,
The rogue, to deal with me.

Away in haſte went all the reſt,
Then madam thus herſelf expreſt,
Ar'n't you a pretty youth?
Then in a ſofter tone, and mild,
Says ſhe, what was't you ſhew'd the child?
I will have out the truth.

Thomas aſham'd hung down his head,
And looking very ſimple, ſaid,
Your ſervant here engages,
That if he ever do ſo more,
For 'twas an accident before,
He'll forfeit all his wages.

The dame, who grew as red as ſcarlet,
Out of my houſe this minute varlet,
Moſt furiouſly replied,
Did you when you ſo ſheepiſh look'd,
Think to appeaſe me ſo provok'd,
Or that I'd be deny'd.

She clapp'd her hands, ſtretch'd out her arms,
And in her wrath had many charms,
Her cheeks with anger glow;
It gave ſuch motion in her breaſt,
As rais'd deſires which may be gueſs'd,
For 'twas as white as ſnow.

What could poor Thomas then expect,
Theſe powerful charms muſt take effect,
And the event was this;
Amidſt her mighty angry ſpeeches,
Out pops——it having burſt his breeches,
The ghoſt which frighted Miſs.

What could he then poor fellow ſay,
He turn'd his head another way,
She, furiouſly, at laſt,
Got up, and never made a ſtand,
But graſp'd it in her ſnowy hand,
And there ſhe held it faſt.

Says ſhe, for all this impudence,
I'll have you under no pretence,
Sir, out of this my ſight;
But here I'll keep you all the day,
Nor ſhall I let you go away,
But puniſh you at night.

Thus

Thus ſhe concluded, and I find,
She kept him till at laſt he pin'd,
Tho' all her art ſhe try'd;
Whether ſhe made faſt and pray,
Or us'd him in another way,
The fellow quickly dy'd.

The ſimple wretch, I believe, was ſcar'd,
Or he would better much have fare'd,
Nor made ſo poor an ending;
But I would Molly ſo incline,
To puniſh every fault of mine,
Should always be offending.

The pepper'd Parſon.

A Countryman met with the fouleſt miſhap,
He came up to London to ſee for a chap,
Before he got down again got a fine clap,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

When home he return'd, he call'd out to his dame,
She was not ſo far off, but ſhe inſtantly came,
He hugg'd her, and kiſs'd her, and gave her that ſame.

In a day or two after the Parſon came by,
Who was noted for guzzling and jokes that were dry,
He lov'd a tit-bit, but was cunning and ſly.

She

She call'd him up ſtairs, ſaid, her huſband was out,
And ſimper'd and ſmil'd, he no longer in doubt
What ſhe wanted, he ſhew'd able and ſtout.

The weather was hot and her itching was great,
They work'd themſelves into ſuch ferment and heat
His caſſock was quite wetted through with the ſweat.

When they'd done they got up and the amorous ſhe,
Gave the doctor a kiſs at their parting, but he
Little thought he'd been pepper'd to ſuch a degree,

The parſon ne'er minded it for ſeveral days,
But ſtill he went on in his old wicked ways,
And roger'd a dozen or two of that place.

By this means it ſpread itſelf juſt like a rot,
Two thirds of the pariſh were infected 'twas thought
By this curſed diſorder the parſon had caught.

Sue gave it to Roger, and Roger to Dolly,
And Dolly to Thomas, and Thomas to Molly
For each in their turns had a ſhare of the folly.

Thus

Thus a month or two's time, or ſomewhat more paſſes,
The lads whenever they met with their laſſes,
All wonder'd to ſee one another make faces.

The parſon as cunning as any Volpone,
Was gotten quite well, tho' he made ſuch a moan
And lamented himſelf in a ſorrowful tone.

He's at length on a Sunday, moſt cruelly vex'd,
The doctor in body and mind ſeem'd perplex'd,
Drank three or four drams, then open'd his text.

The liquor ſoon work'd, and got into his head,
And feigning ſome pains, from his ſubject he fled,
And as drunken folks do he took courage and ſaid:

Good people I find, I am a little unhing'd,
For I've found that of late, I am terribly twing'd
And I verily believe I'm moſt damnably ſing'd.

With curſes, I mean not at preſent to throng ye,
Nor would I unjuſtly for all the world wrong ye
But I verily believe that I got it among ye.

One need not the cunning of Reynard the fox.
To tell you Pandora has open'd her box,
And boldly pronounce, that you have all got the pox.

Your penitent looks, do declare that it's true,
Into how many figures your faces you ſcrew,
And the women look pale, and are ready to
ſpew.

If to pox one another you did ſo incline,
Oh, could you not ſpare this carcaſe of mine,
But poiſon your vicar, your learned divine.

I muſt own your unkindneſs creates my ſur-
priſe,
You ſee how many ſorrows and griefs do ariſe,
By tears that are flowing now out of my eyes.

For ought I can find, we muſt haſt and be
quick,
For ſhould we not take it juſt now in the nick
You may all loſe your noſes, and I loſe my
p——k.

The words were ſo moving, ſo feeling they
ſeem,
The men all rouſed up, as got out of a dream,
And they ſigh, and the women bawl out in a
ſcream.

But, ſays he, for your comfort you'll think
that it odd is,
Come down with your guineas, and do not be
noddies
As well as your ſouls I will then cure your
bodies.

To

To wrap you up warm in your blankets is fit,
I muſt firſt give you ſomething to make your-
ſelves ſpit
Then finiſh your cure by making you ſh—t.

So down with your duſt, ſays the parſon, be-
wiſe,
They did ſo, and followed the doctor's advice,
And went home, and were very well cur'd in
a trice.

The doctor, he gave 'em ſuch ſwinging large
doſes,
As not only ſaved, and preſerved their noſes,
But made the young women look all freſh as
roſes.

Now this for a truth I can certainly tell,
The moſt of theſe girls came to London to
dwell
And after this bout, ſold their maidenheads
well.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A Receipt for COURTSHIP.

TWO or three dears, and two or three
ſweets,
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three ſerenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths, how much they endure;
Two or three meſſages ſent in one day,

Two

Two or three times led out from a play,
Two or three ſoft ſpeeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets, for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhimes;
Two or three months, keeping ſtrict to theſe rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

EPITAPH.

On C. Du VALL, *the Highwayman.*

HERE comes Du Vall, ſtranger, if male thou art,
Look to thy purſe; if female to thy heart:
Much havock he has made in both, for all
The men he made to ſtand, the women to fall.

To the Right Honourable Sir Fr——s B—ke D——le, *Knt. Lord Judge of the Aſſizes for the Province of* C———.

The humble Petition of Mr. R—— M——s, *a well and moſt accompliſhed Gentleman.*

MOST humbly, and moſt obſequiouſly, and moſt obediently, and moſt dutifully, and moſt reſpectfully ſhewing and expreſſing, and declaring and ſetting forth to your Lordſhip, That whereas, and whereby, and wherewith, and wherein, and whereat, and whereupon, the moſt major, moſt greater, the moſt bigger, and moſt ſtronger, and the moſt braver

ver part of the moſt ableſt and moſt mightieſt ſort of the people of the barrony of R——, finding, and knowing, and certifying, and acquainting themſelves, both heretofore, and time paſt, and the time to come, and now, and there, and every where, and at the preſent time, to be very much and greatly oppreſſed, ſuppreſſed, diſtreſſed, and overcharged in all manner of taxes and quiet rents, and all other levys, and accidental applotments, and collections, gatherings together, in the county of B——. And for the future prevention of all and every ſuch henceforth, and heretofore, and for the time to come, and the time paſt, and now, and at this time, and forever, the aforeſaid moſt major, moſt bigger, and the moſt ſtronger, and moſt braver part of the moſt beſt ſort of the people of the barony aforeſaid, hath nominated, appointed, conſtituted, ordained, declared, elected, and made me, Mr. R—— M——, to ſollicit and make motion to your Lordſhip, looking upon me, Mr. R—— M——, now and then, and there, and every where to be the moſt fiteſt, the moſt meeteſt, and moſt ableſt, realeſt, and beſt, and the moſt accompliſht, and moſt eloquent ſpokeſman within the ſaid barony, their grand, and wiſe, and well-beloved, and well beſtowed, and better merited agent and ſollicitor, to repreſent oppreſſion, ſuppreſſion, and for all ſuch, and for all much, and whereby, and wherewith, and wherein, and whereat, and whereupon, your Petitioner is fairly, and finely,

ly, and handſomely, and ingeniouſly, and deſervedly appointed and nominated, and conſtituted, and ordained, and elected, and approved of, and made choice of, as an agent, ſolicitor, to undergo, overgo, and manage this new, and big, and mighty important ſervice.

May it pleaſe your very good, and very great, and very big, and very braveſt, and very auguſt, and very worſhipful, and very honourable Lordſhip, very graciouſly, and very godly and very greatly, and very bigly, and very bravely, and very worſhipfully, and very honourably, to conſider, and to think upon, and to remember, and to keep in mind, the great oppreſſions, ſuppreſſions, and diſtreſſes, and overcharges aforeſaid, of the ſaid moſt major, and moſt greater, and the moſt bigger, and moſt ſtronger, and moſt braver part, and alſo of the moſt gooder part of the barony aforeſaid, and graciouſly to grant ſuch relief, and ſuch kindneſs, and ſuch goodneſs in the premiſes, to this moſt obſequious, and moſt dutiful, and moſt reſpectful Petitioners, as to your lordſhip, in the greateſt wiſdom, ſhall ſeem meet.

And your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

COTILLION SONG.

The words by Miſs Swift, *of Worceſter.*

LONG young Jocky toy'd and ſported,
Long he tried each winning art;

Long

Long with ſilent glances courted,
Ere he won my witleſs heart:
Oft he preſs'd my hand, too yielding,
Oft he kiſs'd, and oft he ſmil'd;
No reſerve my boſom ſheilding,
Chloe's heart he ſoon beguil'd.
But when he my inclination
Had ſubdued—the faithleſs ſwain!---
Can ye hear it, maids, with patience!
Soon, too ſoon, forſakes the plain:
Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid,
Whoſe only fault was ſeeming too kind;
Surely the youth was grown very ſtupid,
To think that the ſting would remain long behind.
Tell me, ye ſwains, tell me, ye ſwains,
Could you do ſo? would you do ſo?
Could you, would you, would you, could you,
Could you have ſerved a maiden ſo?

Soon as I had loſt my lover,
Fool! I ſate me down, and cry'd,
Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
Sigh'd and ſob'd, and ſob'd and ſigh'd.
I no breakfaſt eat, nor dinner,
Supperleſs I went to bed;
I a loſer, he no winner,
A lucky thought came in my head;
Why ſhould I my bloom deſtroy,
Vex and teize my ſoul away?
No, the ſweets of life enjoying,
I will taſte the ſweets of May.

Juſt

Juſt as the roſe, the bee flying from her,
Bluſhes and buſtles at every wind:
So Cloe's reſolved to laugh through the ſummer,
To every new ſwain be gentle and kind.
Tell me ye maids, tell me ye maids,
Could you do ſo? would you do ſo?
Could you, would you, would you, could you,
Could you have ſerved the rover ſo?

* *

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

MAY mutual love be attended with frequent repetition and vigour equal to our wiſhes.

May the ſtreams of rapture meet each other, and ſeize life in the middle current.

Girls fair, fond, and friſky.

A true heart and ſtout ——,
Can never make a virgin ſick.

C—— upon a fawn's back, and the clergy in full cry.

May the cuſhion of life be thump'd by the club of vigour.

May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.

The

The induſtrious maid that ſcours the yard, and keeps the ſtones clean.

May a ſtanding member never want a place to ſpend his time in.

May our pleaſure be boundleſs, while we have time to enjoy.

The faireſt face, the brighteſt eye,
The blackeſt ——, the whiteſt thigh.

The Munſter laſs, had rather ſkin a p—— than peel a potatoe.

The linen manufactory. A ſmock in one hand, and a yard in the other.

May our members ſtand ſtiff to the commodities of Great Britain.

May all honeſt ſouls find a friend in need.

May the ladies ſuc-ceed in all their undertakings.

The beſt in the buſh.

May the ink flow freely from the pen of Cupid's clerk.

The rapturous part.

May each buck catch his doe, and each rogue catch the itch.

The one ey'd ſtag.

May the languiſhing maid reap fruit from poſſeſſion.

Girls letcherous, kind, and willing.

The ſpot of pleaſure.

The mark of Cupid's archery.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Life, love, and liberty.

The rapturous bleſs of an extatic kiſs.

May our great men be good, and our good men great.

Health, peace, and plenty,

All our wants and wiſhes, and all our wanton wiſhes.

The ——— that weeps moſt when it is beſt pleaſed.

Equal joy in the critical minute.

To the cock that treads his hen,
Claps his wings and treads again.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

The dumb glutton, always craving after meat.

The female chymiſt.

The female reaper, that never leaves a handful ſtanding.

The lamb-like laſs, that wags her tail when ſhe receives the nipple.

May the miſer grow poor, and the benevolent rich.

May wit be crown'd with laurels, and love with enjoyment.

Adam's dagger.

The miraculous pitcher, that holds water with the mouth downwards.

May the lovers of —— never want a friend.

May our joy and vigour be limited, and both be extenſive.

May the joys with the fair, give pleaſure to the heart.

May our friends be ſincere, and our joys laſting.

May

May our paſſions be ſlaves to us, not we to our paſſions.

May reaſon guide the helm, when paſſion blows the gale.

May love and reaſon be friends, and beauty prudence marry.

May no good fellow be a ſlave, nor no churl be free.

May the back never fail in the cauſe of the tail.

The graſp of rapture,

The mother of all ſaints.

May the ſingle be married, and the married happy.

The buſh under the hill,

The hairy conſcience.

The magic ring.

May the ſtanding man puſh his arguments with vigour, and the falling woman ſuc-ceed in her under-taking.

The Wexford oyſter, rough without, moiſt within, and hard to enter.

Horſes

Horſes ſtrong, foxes plenty, men ſtout, and women healthy.

All true hearts and ſound bottoms.

The Gameſters.

May the friends of Britain ever have acceſs to the throne.

Senſe to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May all true hearts never want a ſhilling and a good bedfellow.

Health, love, and ready rhino,
To all thoſe whom you and I know.

All that gives you pleaſure.

Love and opportunity.

Love for love.

The pipkin that will ſtretch without breaking.

May the paſſions of women be ſtronger than the prejudice of education.

May we have full meaſure of leather pleaſure.

The ſportſman's fight in the fields of delight.

The Indian way of fighting, lying on our bellies and firing through the buſhes.

Second

Second mourning. Black c—— and white thighs.

The ſevile orange, rough, agreeable and juicy.

The induſtrious wife, ſaves what her huſband ſpends.

The man of penetration, and the girl of capacity.

May the lovers of c——, never want beef or claret.

The thatch'd houſe under the hill.

The pleaſure of pleaſing.

The firſt game ever played at.

The pleaſure we enjoy face to face.

What charms, arms, and diſarms.

May we pleaſe and be pleaſed.

The union of two fond hearts.

Ligonier's livery.

Pleaſures that pleaſe in reflection.

C ommunity, U nity, N avigation, and T rade.

The

The agreeable rubs of life.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare truſt.

May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

Succeſs to the falling woman, and ſtanding man.

Days of eaſe and nights of pleaſure.

The beggars bleſſing. P—— and purſe never fail ye.

The faireſt in Middleſex, and the middle of the fair ſex.

May we never want vigour when we come to a ſhift.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean —— and a guinea.

May he who wants friendſhip, alſo want friends.

Sportman's hall.

The ſtar above the garter.

The ſhrub that flowers monthly, and is in ſeaſon all the year.

The

The vigour of a ſtone-horſe, the letchery of a goat, the repetition of a ſparrow, and the continuance of a boar.

The female butcher. That extracts the marrow without hurting the bones.

The ſoldier's command. To the breaſt-work advance, and then batter in breach.

Roaſt meat for the ſpeaking mouth, and raw for the dumb.

The veniſon feaſt. Four haunches well ſpitted.

The female architect. That can replace the ſtones, when ſhe has pull'd down the ſteeple.

Miller's muſic. Opening the ſluice and grinding the ſtones.

FINIS.